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THE GENTLEMAN:

A Satire,

WRITTEN

DURING THE YEARS 1812, 1813, 1814, and 1815;

WITH OTHER POEMS,

AND NOTES.

With freedom, and I hope without offence.
ROSCOMMON.

Camill. As you are certainly a gentleman,
Clerk-like experienced (which no less adorns
Our gentry than our parents' noble names
In whose success we are gentle).
SHAKSPEARE, WINTER'S TALE.

SECOND EDITION.

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PREFACE

TO

THE SECOND EDITION.

THE following Poem was written, as leisure or subject matter occurred to me, in the distant intervals of other pursuits and occupations. From the time of its commencement to its completion a space of more than three years elapsed, constituting a period, which, whether we consider the political events or moral changes which took place in it, may be pronounced the most momentous in the history of Europe.

To this space of time, containing in it the winding up of that eventful drama in which was involved the fate of Europe and the dearest concerns of humanity, the eye of posterity will revert with equal interest and curiosity. No era appears on the page of history where the crisis of events was so tremendous, and where the opposite tendencies of our nature were

brought into such extraordinary play; where the extremes of public virtue and political chicanery, of heroism and pusillanimity, of moral apathy and august feeling, the perversions of taste and the illuminations of intellect, the prevalence of broad-day folly and analyzing wisdom, the eccentricities and sobrieties of life, were so strangely co-existent and wrought together in the age and body of the time, and mingled in the great concerns of nations.

A Satirical Poem therefore which, to a subject of universal interest and diffused influence over society, shall connect some of the leading features of this period, has not only a fair title to the attention of the present age, but may look forward to the regards of posterity.

The character which I describe has existed, under different modifications, in every civilized state, both ancient and modern, and has had more influence over the welfare of communities, than may generally be imagined. I have endeavoured to show that its neglect, or more exquisite cultivation, will always materially affect the prosperity of empires and the happiness of individuals; that it is one of those leading links which bind society together, which fosters and encourages

all the engaging courtesies and charities of our nature, which exalts the dependencies, and sweetens the intercourse of daily life.

I have formed a species of episode to this essay by the introduction of some remarks on the depraved taste of the age and the decline of the poetical character: I shall, in offering this work again to the public, prefix here a few observations also on modern criticism. What I have to advance will be pointed generally, though not indiscriminately; for although it is sufficiently evident that some of the critics of the day are much better furnished with the requisite knowledge of their art than others, I still deprecate an universal tendency, direct or indirect, in the critical department,* to an encouragement of a perverted taste in poetry.

Modern criticism would appear either not to be

* In order to obviate any suspicion of an acrimonious motive for these accusations of poetical tribunals, it will be necessary to observe that I have myself been reviewed by them more than once, but always with candour, liberality, and praise. For a very liberal and favourable review of the present work I am indebted to the Editor of the Monthly Review: against some of his objections I would appeal to certain antiquated authorities; by others he will perhaps perceive that I have profited.

possessed of the ready tests of poetical merit, or disinclined to make use of them: its professors would seem not to have drunk at the fountain of true taste, nor to have sought admission into the storehouse of collected wisdom, and therefore to be involved in much circuitous labour and investigation, instead of having at their command a general, steady, and universally applicable code: they resemble uneducated physicians, who prescribe to symptoms instead of diseases, or unlearned lawyers who talk of cases instead of the digested law of the land. Proceeding thus, as if there were no rules by which their investigations might be guided, they necessarily go back to the infancy of the art, and seem, instead of accepting the clue of wisdom and experience, to be making dexterous efforts to emerge from a labyrinth without a guide; they therefore either give us mere paraphrases of the works which they are criticising, or form rules of their own, by which to weigh their merits or deficiencies; and these rules they quadrate to the taste of the age and the poetry of the fashion.* They do

* The above remarks are most applicable to the northern critical tribunals: how much longer will they go on blundering in poetry and politics?

not seem to be aware that every person of a scholastic education is possessed of a manual, a digest, or table, which he can apply to every possible combination of poetical numbers; that in the science of criticism, as well as the mathematics, there may be certain concise characters which designate theorems already learned and established, and that these become, as it were, the new elements of progressive knowledge. This may be properly called the short-hand of criticism, and no one can be esteemed a proficient in the art, who is not instructed in it: the accomplished critic has not to form but to apply the decision of a judgement regulated by the principles of taste and learning.

It may appear for a moment that poetry has no fixed principles; it it easily, however, proved that it has laws of its own, and that these are immutably grounded on the foundations of truth and nature, and that subsequent criticism, as descriptive of those laws, has the same steady foundation.

It may be alleged that it is possible for new combinations of figurative language or poetry to be formed, to which no existing code * can be found applicable.

* The exquisite ridicule on bad poetry contained in the Memoirs

This is not probable, and for a plain reason, because poetry has not so much to do with the real as with the apparent properties of things; is more conversant with effects than causes; has a greater dependence, therefore, on the operations of nature, which are constant, than on the theories of science, which are mutable.

It must in a great measure disarm our resentment, but cannot do away our regret, when we find it admitted by some of the professors of the art of criticism themselves,* that a certain deference and obsequiousness to a vitiated taste is necessary to ensure the success of a modern critical publication: yet whatever excuses I may admit for the conduct of those who, in other departments of the critical art, have evinced much learning and discrimination, and who

of Martinus Scriblerus, will be found minutely applicable to the most admired productions of the present day.

The Flying Fishes—these are writers who now and then rise upon their fins, and fly out of the profund; but their wings are soon dry, and they drop down to the bottom.

The Ostridges—their motion is between flying and walking, but *they run very fast*.—Lord B———. R. S———. H. M———. &c. &c. &c. POPE'S WORKS, vol. vi. p. 179.

* See Quarterly Review, 1819.—Article, Samor, or Lord of the Bright City.

uniformly support the cause of morality and religion; although, for the sake of some unexplored regions of fancy, and some novel combinations, I might allow them to rate with less severity the adoption of frivolous subjects and barbarous models, the neglect of acknowledged beauties, and the imitation of exploded faults, particularly as they do not deny a fundamental system of legislature, and generally allow the existence of a bad taste; yet I must confess, that I feel astonished and angry, that, even when they make these fundamental allowances, they seem to lose sight of the strongest discriminations which should guide both the poet and the critic, and overlook one of the plainest demarcations in the field of literature, namely, that between poetry and prose. I will contend that at least two thirds of the effusions of the modern school, published under the name of poetry, are plain prose: the proof of this is very easy, by subjecting them to the test of rules or examples. The following definitions, although not entirely conclusive, will be sufficient for our purpose. Poetry is the art of expressing our thoughts by fiction; that is, by means of allegories, metaphors, personifications, &c.; whereas, prose is the expressing our thoughts in a simple,

common, literal manner, without fiction; verse, although a great aid and ornament to poetry, is by no means essential to it; and, though less allied to prose, by no means excludes it; the above test, properly applied, will immediately detect the impositions of the modern empiric school.* That some new

* I shall subjoin, as an illustration of my remarks, an example or two selected from the poetry and criticism of the day. From the following observations of the Quarterly Review, prefatory to the production of a specimen of Samor, or Lord of the Bright City, I was led to expect a rich vein of descriptive poetry: "Here Mr. Milman is on very strong grounds, grounds upon which even now he has scarely any superior; in the voyage he has scattered a great deal of varied description." Then follows a specimen:—

———Slow,
Like a triumphant warrior, *their bold bark*
Wore onward, now upon the loftiest height
Shaking its streamer's gay *defiance*, now
With *brave devotion* to the prone abyss
Down rushing.

Now this to me is either plain prose, or the bathos carried to a very great extent indeed; in the expression of a flag *shaking defiance*, an indirect allusion, which is certainly a very legitimate figure, may be made, perhaps, to a person shaking his head or fist in a passion: the substituting *waving* for *shaking* would reduce the passage to downright poetry; and the author does sometimes write good poetry. "*Brave devotion!*" Is it that the ship is making her courtesy, and saying "I am your most devoted?" or is not here a more indirect allusion still to the fable

beauties have been struck out occasionally by modern poetry, we are ready to allow; but the preponderating evil, to which we would direct the attention of the

of Quintius Curtius leaping into the gulf, and devoting himself for his country? It does not appear, however, that the ship is about to be swallowed up, except in the bathos, or art of sinking. I cannot help thinking that sometimes our critics form a compromise between their good sense and their good nature; and I am confident that this is the case in the passage above quoted, as the latter quality is here only triumphant for a moment, whilst the former, good sense joined to true taste, re-assumes itself in strong characters towards the conclusion of the very same critique.

I will extract from the British Review a passage or two of a similar nature: "We will now present to our readers a few of those passages which seem to us to have the most poetical merit:"

But ever and anon of grief subdued
There comes a *token*, ...
And how and why we know not, ...
Which out of things *familiar, undesign'd,*
When least we deem of such, calls up to view
The spectre which no exorcism can bind,
The cold, the changed, perchance the dead,—*anew,*
The mourn'd, the loved, the lost, how many, yet how few.

CHILDE HAROLD.

There is certainly no *poetical merit* in the above passage.

A description of the river Clitumnus, beginning

And on thy happy shore a temple still
Of small and delicate proportions. CHILDE HAROLD.

is next mentioned, "as having nothing to equal it in the range of poetry." To me this description appears a compound of the

professors of criticism, is this, that although we find in our modern school a reigning predilection for all the exploded faults of the elder poets, yet we perceive but few attempts at the imitation of those numberless beauties which every instructor of youth is in the habit of pointing out to his pupils, and which are familiar to the common-place book of every school boy; none of those curious felicities of language which we have been accustomed to admire in the standard works of poetical genius, those pleasing anomalies, that careless heed, and admired disorder, those deviations which guide, and ambiguities which enlighten, those harmonies of abruptness, and expressions of silence. We meet with no organized chaos of the sublime, no simplicity which melts the soul, or fantastic grandeur which elevates it; no master spirit which presides in the tempest or sports in the sunshine: we acknowledge no inspired warbler of nature, who copies and adorns her; who, after a pensive pilgrimage to her temple, and a laborious

most inflated bombast, the most puerile conceit, and the tamest prose: I am sorry so widely to differ in poetical taste from a critic with whom, in matters of greater importance, I am of perfect accord.

initiation into her mysteries, has been chosen her consecrated interpreter and favoured votary.

I have added a few specimens of lyric, elegiac, and other poetry. I do not offer these to the public as models, but as my own aspirations towards that excellence, quod nequeo monstrare, at sentio tantum, which, whilst I carry it in my mind's eye, I despair of entirely reaching either by precept or practice.

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THE GENTLEMAN.

HAIL! to whatever spirit first refin'd
From baser dross the manners and the mind;
Gave man in conscious dignity to rise
And view with front erect his ambient skies;
Taught him to value an unspotted name, 5
To look on death unmoved, but shrink from shame;
Stamp'd him with honour, courtesy, and truth,
The crown of age, and morning grace of youth!
Whether, as we retrace the steps of time,
And mark the customs of each varying clime, 10
Perusing still, through each succeeding age,
The motley groupings of life's peopled stage;
Whether, when Greece her reign of taste began,
Or Rome her mid-day course of glory ran,

Patrician splendour, and an high estate, 15
The soul's reflected lustre might create;
Or love the generous principle supplied,
Or science first, or high chivalric pride;
Hail! hail again, the spirit which refin'd
From baser dross the manners and the mind; 20
Product of art, or part of nature's plan,
Which first inform'd the polish'd Gentleman.

Nor is the subject of my Muse a name,
A bubble floating on the tide of fame;
Nor may I all its attributes define 25
By logic rule, or geometric line:
As far as Taste expands her fair domain,
Or Social Union links the golden chain,
My theme extends; o'ertops Ambition's wing,
Can raise a peasant, or debase a king; 30
Gives life its cheapest grace, a lovelier gem,
Than ever glitter'd in the diadem;
A sterling rank, which never yet was sold,
Out-weighing ingots of Barbaric gold;

Felt like the radiance of the orb of day 35
By those who ne'er might analyze its ray;
Refulgent effluence of th' accomplish'd mind;
Known though ne'er taught, and fix'd though undefin'd:
But still should some with sceptic sneer inquire,
Souls who would rather grovel than aspire, 40
What stamps the coinage of this empty name?
On vague opinion shall we build our fame?
What law shall tell it? what tribunal try?
Such need you not to ask, is my reply,
Where yon proud dome its column'd front displays, 45
Or empty grandeur shakes the public ways;
Ask, and you'll ever have it told you true,
The man who holds your horse, or dusts your shoe.
Ye high-born hopes, and pillars of our state,
Cherish the virtue which I celebrate; 50
'Tis this must give to rank its purest ray,
Bid lowliness a willing homage pay;
To poor dependance for its lot atone,
And make another's welfare seem its own;

Cheer'd by this light, a slave might hug his chain, 55
Proud in obedience, in submission vain:
By this extoll'd, see Albion's glories beam,
The sage's wonder, and the poet's theme;
And 'mong the nations lift their lights supreme.
Tis this to greatness forms her bold pretence, 60
Unbending height, and proud pre-eminence;
This the fair lustre of her regal chair,
And princely boast of him who sparkles there:
By this unsun'd, see Gallia's laurels fade,
All splendour spiritless, all triumph dead; 65
By this her mean usurper unsustain'd,
Hurl'd from the height he has ignobly gain'd,
Shall grovel in his fall, for fall he must,
And claim with sad salute his kindred dust:
Conquest may fan it with her crimson wing, 70
And subject slaves constrained Pæans sing;
To bless it, wealth with plenty may combine,
Whilst plunder prowls from Arno to the Rhine;
Yet no true greatness ever can display
That land where lowly minded men bear sway. 75

Ye high-born hopes and pillars of our state,
Cherish the virtue which I celebrate.
Never be yours Ambition's meaner aim,
Shun every low pursuit, and rise to fame;
Leave to your groom his own unrivall'd sphere, 80
Nor with your coachman his department share:
Let Hunter machinate the season'd ill,
And vie with Glass in culinary skill:
As Grecian or Egyptian fashion leads,
Hope furnish new our houses or our heads: 85
Such cares above, to urge a nobler flight,
Your birth, rank, station, country all invite:
When proud Oppression thunders at our gate,
To guard the threaten'd fabric of our state,
When our soul's inmost wakenings are requir'd, 90
Rous'd by our wrongs, and by our glories fir'd,
When Honour sternly calls and Freedom warms,
And Britain sole has dared the world in arms;
Is this a time for senators to vie
With those who clean a horse, or make a pie? 95

Is this a time, when kingdoms want repair,
To frame new models for an elbow chair?
When tempests rock, and treasons undermine,
To sketch a fringe, a sopha to design?
I do not mean that youth's enerved heed 100
Should fear to fix him on the bounding steed;
Nor that he scorn the laurels of the race,
Or foremost honours in the panting chase;
Such manly sports become life's glowing prime,
If each exceed not its apportion'd time; 105
The noble beast no small regard may claim,
Who 'erst conferr'd a title and a name:
Nor may ye not the rattling chariot guide,
Whilst Beauty smiles and wonders by your side;
But ye no conquerors are; then why disgrace 110
Your purpled seat, and give a menial place?
Nor would I not admit the generous horse
Might be the sometime subject of discourse;
His form, worth, lineage, character, and care,
Whether his sires inhal'd the Lybian air, 115

Or struck with sounding hoof the Scythian plain,
Or warm Iberia nurs'd the flowing mane;
Whether best yoked to the curious car,
Or apt to bear thee in the struggling war,
To win the race, or skim the topmost bar; 120
But let not this engage in the extreme:
At Reason's feast if Beauty shed her beam,
The circling glass may claim a better theme.
I must confess, it agitates my bile,
To see the "very elements of our isle" 125
The common coachman's low career pursue,
Spit with a mimic grace, tobacco chew,
And proudly emulate Jehup, Jehuh:
Born to the senate, be it then your praise
To guide the state, and not four burnish'd bays. 130
Sons of the field, your mounting blood may plead
Full fair excuses for the pamper'd steed;
But what excuse, in life's exulting prime,
When Pleasure flutters on the wings of Time;
When untrick'd Nature offers to the view 135
Charms ever changing, beauties ever new;

When now no balsam needs the kindling blood,
And mere existence seems essential good;
Say what this nugatory vain pretence
To stimulate the yet unsinking sense? 140
Why seek from either Ind what may excite
The drooping edge of jaded appetite?
Shall Britain's youth, unskill'd in Attic lore,
Well pleas'd the culinary page explore?
Descant salivous, with contracted brow, 145
On what their fathers would have blush'd to know?
Sapient in sauce and sections, and what not,
Lords of the pan, and regents of the pot?
Thoughtful of cates beyond Apician fame,
Of rarest growth and "exquisitest name?" 150
Ah no, my friend, be thine a loftier view
Above thy kitchen and thy cellar too;
Leave to your cook his own appropriate sphere,
Let Gulo ponder o'er his labour'd cheer;
Nor ah! unthinking, in life's earlier stage, 155
Consume the comforts of declining age;

Profusely squander nature's sterling wealth,
Quench Reason's ray and pale the rose of health.
If in those schools where genius, taste, and truth,
Illume the gems of constellated youth; 160
Where Science came in Pleasure's garb attir'd,
And every generous wish my soul inspir'd,
Should Wisdom nod on her preceptive chair,
And morbid Fashion find her votaries there;
Should Learning's elder children live to eat; 165
And batten on the sempiternal treat;
The steps of time should sensual dulness guide,
Minuted meal, and regulation ride;
Yet, yet there are, whose purer breasts inspire
Some heavenly portions of ethereal fire; 170
There are, who mingle with the moderate bowl
The flash of intellect and flow of soul;
Of liberal feelings and experienced view,
Who point the paths of honour, bright and true,
Who teach thee so to act, and so to speak, 175
As ne'er to tinge with shame thy conscious cheek.

Nor be the sport of thy maturer age
The changeling toys which weaker minds engage;
Let Blazon play well-pleas'd the mercer's part,
And vie with spruce upholst'rers in their art; 180
Let Codrus still in science claim his peer
Each vender vile, and brawling auctioneer;
And give to Sardonix, and such old boys,
Tables and tea-cups, tapestries and toys,
Raptures Chinese, and wild Egyptian joys: 185
Thine to have learn'd, in a severer school,
Each fix'd, immutable, immortal rule;
By which through art and nature true to trace
The forms of grandeur and the lines of grace;
Content, though in thy venerable hall 190
No mystic monsters crowd the blazon'd wall;
No chisel'd Vestals pendent lustres hold,
Nor customary cupids grin in gold;
No claws unclench'd thy starting guests astound,
Nor seeming cemeteries yawn around; 195
And if no enigmatic sphinxes try
The vain solutions of the aching eye;

And if the varying genius of costume
Play no mad orgies in thy festive room;
Yet o'er thy dome may sovereign taste preside, 200
And smile with nature in thy garden's pride;
And works of genius and correct design.
And fancy's varied wreath may still be thine.

Ye high-born hopes and pillars of our state;
Cherish the virtue which I celebrate; 205
O may it grace each British chieftain's name,
First in his rank, and foremost in his fame!
Hail to the patriot purpose which has shed
The rays of Science round the warrior's head;
Which taught the rougher virtues to refine, 210
And gave the Martial sister to the Nine!
Old Thames meandering views with sweet surprise
A new Lyceum on the banks arise;
And, murmuring past Buchonia's beechen bowers,
Wafts the warm wish to Windsor's hoary towers, 215
From youth to youth conveys the mutual claim
To each department on the roll of fame:

Hail, nurse of arts and arms, proud Albion hail!
So shall thy kindling legions still prevail;
If science guide, whilst heavenly freedom warms, 220
Thy sons may well defy the world in arms:
And were it but a means, for those who stray,
To guile their wand'rings and amuse their way;
For those who much in distant parts have seen,
Well to describe, and comment well between; 225
Who much have suffer'd, to sit down at last,
And turn to wisdom every peril past;
Thence surely much advantage must accrue,
Both to themselves and to their country too;
And if it be the scope of liberal art 230
To mend the manners and refine the heart;
Where honour's quick to check the cause of strife,
And nurse the smiling courtesies of life;
To glad the footsteps of declining age,
And close with dignity life's pilgrimage; 235
Then hail the patriot purpose which has shed
The rays of science round the warrior's head!

Far be the wish by culturing cares to quell
That generous spirit which has sped so well;
True courage is to courtesy inclin'd, 240
And souls may still be valiant though refin'd:
I oft have mingled with the sons of arms,
No social tie my satire's edge disarms,
And heard, with sorrow, in their festive room,
Language for which I would discard my groom; 245
Base ribaldry, which, unadorn'd by wit,
Princes nor porticoes will e'er admit;
Insipid converse, bets, parade, or dress,
And oaths, which made each little nothing less:
Not all were such;—and now an orient ray 250
Unfolds the promise of a brighter day;
There are our land's protectors, bold and true,
Keen as the swords they wear, as polish'd too:
My brother! memory still returns to thee,
These thoughts renew my bosom's agony; 255
If ever honour, courtesy, aud truth,
Dec'k the fair forehead of ingenuous youth;

If wisdom stamp'd on manhood's early pride;
And inborn courage, ah! too nobly tried;
If, snatch'd untimely from this nether sphere, 260
Accomplish'd worth might ever claim a tear;
Such tribute, Oh, lamented shade! is thine:
O! form'd alike in camps or courts to shine,
The chieftain's mirror, and the soldier's friend,
Pure was thy life, and glorious was its end: 265
Sons of Iberia, scatter round his tomb
Such flowers as soonest fade, and earliest bloom;
Cull the first fragrance of the opening year:
New plant thy vine and nurse thine olive there;
For in thy deadliest breach he foremost stood, 270
And seal'd thy country's freedom with his blood:
Yes, I had hop'd, when hush'd the voice of Strife,
To walk with him what yet remain'd of life;
Just as we thought to greet him—he was gone;—
Father of heav'n and earth, thy will be done! 275
O! civil sway, may still thy rights increase,
Thou link of concord, and thou palm of peace!

Spread o'er these realms that first and fairest light
Which burst the chaos of barbaric night;
And may that boon be still our cherish'd care, 280
Which made us great, and holds us what we are;
If our state's fabric would defy the storm,
Courage with honour must its bulwarks form;
Its fair supporters, dignity and grace,
And law and liberty its resting-place. 285

All praise to commerce and the swelling sail,
Yet may its influence too much prevail;
Its deadening spirit, ranging unconfin'd,
May spread a torpor o'er the public mind;
And, thickening in the council of the state, 290
May doze and languish in the full debate;
A nation's liberal principle decay'd,
By wealth and luxury is poorly paid:
Some truth, alas! has mark'd, we must allow,
The baffled tauntings of our conquer'd foe, 295
We are a "race full prone to sell and buy;"
See speculation glare in every eye;

Busts, statues, pictures, horses, books, and lands,
Pass through a peer's as through a dealer's hands.
Speed well the plough; but let it not debase 300
To servile views the flower of all our race;
We've heard, from lips patrician and pure,
Great talk of turnips, greater of manure;
Yet have we never seen with wondering eyes
A Cincinnatus to the helm arise: 305
Ah! no, my friends, upon the province rude
Of hinds and herdsmen let us not intrude:
Of fortune far above the cares of gain,
Of noble lineage and of fair domain,
Bred in the schools of Science and of Taste, 310
How does Agrario his talent waste!
Nought in his lake's expanse but fish he sees,
And timber only in his spreading trees;
His streams, which ah! no poet's praises know,
Wind but to irrigate, to fatten flow; 315
He looks on nature's charms with vacant eye,
Pleas'd if he sees a well-fed ox pass by:

I grieve to see Sir John his rank debase,
Haggling with huxters in the market-place;
The public weal might his attention share, 320
His little rural state might claim his care;
To plant and beautify his wide domain,
To mend the morals of each subject swain,
And spread the virtues o'er the smiling plain;
To know and to inforce his country's laws, 325
Protect the week, and plead the poor man's cause.
Why then our own appropriate spheres disown
For those where merit does not meet renown?
Why stoop to arts which other men despise?
Because 'tis easier to sink than rise. 330
" Yet husbandry," you'll say, "in every age
" Has won the thoughtful labours of the sage;
" Statesmen and wits, and wooers of the Nine,
" Full oft have knelt at Ceres' golden shrine;
" Learning and Poesy might well complain 335
" If Varro taught, and Virgil sung, in vain;

" Are we not led to kindle Nature's smile
" By virtue, taste, and reason, and De Lille?
" If Banks expound, who will not pause to hear?
" And who to Davy gives a torpid ear? 340
" If Science thus exalt the rural art,
" Its exercise can no disgrace impart:"
By you, my friend, be this distinction made,
Still love the science; but abhor the trade.
The purport of my strain may suit as well 345
Or those who oxen or who horses sell:
E'en let him be as honest as he can,
We scarce can trust the steed-purveying man;
I know that fashion can new coin a name,
And many a servile custom stamp with fame; 350
But if it guile a neighbour or a friend,
From any such good Heav'n our youth defend!
What generous mind will stoop to arts like these,
Who can turn pimp or patriot when he please?
In former days, if house or park was let, 355
The cause was commonly demise or debt;

Now, without aid of fortune or of fate,
The rich man's Lares we may penetrate;
At any tavern now a man may dine
On Curio's ven'son or Falerno's pine: 360
If many a card is on her toilet laid,
To morning dance or midnight masquerade;
Should lovely Flavia to the shades retire,
Shall we her prudence or her taste admire?
Say, does she leave all conquests, toys, and treats, 365
To woo fair Spring and Nature's opening sweets?
Or are some dull months in the country spent,
Because her town-house bears a better rent?
Where'er I turn, strange customs meet my view,
Such as our wise forefathers never knew; 370
And strange neglect of many an ancient plan,
Which rais'd the moral dignity of man:
No one of sage advice would e'er forego
Intrinsic value for external show;
Yet those who well peruse the human heart 375
Know that externals win its larger part;

Men's minds are sway'd by what their bodies bear,
And we in time become what we appear;
If Brutus ape in dress the clownish crew,
Full well I ween he'll catch their manners too: 380
In Charles's days, if Copley paint aright,
Fair rich array did senators bedight;
Blazed in the council-chamber of the state
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of high debate;
Polite demeanour, and august pretence, 385
Kept full and pure the stream of eloquence:
What wonder he presiding censure draws
Who pleads in dirty boots a nation's cause?
Say, have we sent in this enlighten'd age
Our fathers' wardrobes to adorn the stage? 390
Say we our liberal limbs were never made
To stalk in lace or stiffen in brocade?
By sentiments to rudeness thus refined
Has Gallia's demon sway'd the public mind.
The British forum still displays, we own, 395
The grave equipment of the wig and gown;

Though oft, 'tis said, descending curls between,
Foul language has been heard, foul linen seen;
And Justice still preserves her ermined chair,
And judges well become the robes they wear; 400
Through every change they hold the balance true,
And stedfast keep their country's good in view;
Lash with keen censure and chastising hand
Each splendid vice which revels round the land;
Shame with the voice of reason and of truth 405
The shallow sophistry of headlong youth;
Lead by example, and by precept sage,
New urge the slumbering virtues of the age.

Though still rich robed, he in his courts preside,
Yet Celsus throws too much his state aside, 410
His high apparel and his charter'd law,
Wise, if meant only to keep fools in awe;
Still may he hold whatever is allied
To wisdom, dignity, and decent pride,
The gen'rous spirit and the accomplish'd mind 415
At Taste's pure fane and Learning's fount refined;

Then no pretender will his right invade,
And turn a liberal science to a trade;
No drug purveyor then the town beguile
With knowledge never sought beyond the file; 420
No vile empiric's frontless pert pretence,
Tread on the heels of science and of sense;
Nor, Panacean wisdom to attain,
Our first best years be all consum'd in vain;
Nor, call'd the nobler tasks of life to share, 425
Ingenuous youth disclaim all kindred there.
High feelings too belong to things divine;
Clean be all offerings at th' eternal shrine;
If dignity no purpling beam supply,
The moral tints will quickly fade and fly; 430
If honour e'er be banish'd from the breast,
The voice of honesty is soon suppress'd;
Stript of decorum, probity, and shame,
Religion is a covering or a name.
Our men of mode, I fear, would take it ill 435
Were conversation now a game of skill;

Were they enforced, lest it flag or fall,
To bandy deftly the colloquial ball:
Our fathers met high Reason's feast to share,
Nor call'd to trifle, nor convened to stare: 440
Wisdom and wit in men of low estate
Were passports to the tables of the great;
Now some few phrases, rude and unrefined,
Supply the polish'd interchange of mind;
Or those who cannot talk, and will not think, 445
May eat in silence, or in dulness drink:
To thee no zest may labour'd cheer afford,
If wit be banish'd from the social board!
Who shall despise that festive grace unbought,
The gem of intellect, the smile of thought? 450
Twin-star of Fancy, whose innocuous ray
Loves o'er the stream of polish'd life to play;
Charm of the wise, of rogues and fools the rod,
The unbent bow-string of the Delian God?
Though rank and fashion still their homage pay 455
To each prevailing folly of the day;

Though still the gamester, fidler, and buffoon,
Find entrance free to many a gay saloon;
Though guests unqualified in courts appear
Pimp, parasite, or tickling sonneteer; 460
Yet have we many a splendid portal known
Open to taste and generous worth alone;
Where undue claimants meet a cold disdain,
And Vice and Folly ever knock in vain:
Then deem it wise to give colloquial grace 465
Among the studies of thy youth a place;
Full many an able moralist has taught
To guide the facile minister of thought,
To mould th' aërial image of the mind
To forms at once energic and refined, 470
Which seize the grateful heart, and win the ear;
Pure though impassion'd, guarded though sincere:
O me my better stars from those defend
Who shall a mere sincerity pretend!
Who deem that every thought should be express'd,
Naked and rising recent from the breast! 476

May such some Mauritanian tribe increase,
Or smoke on Ohio's banks the reed of peace!
Make, O ye guardians of the British fair!
The moral bridling of the tongue your care; 480
She who e'er speaks to Nature's promptings true,
What nature dictates oftentimes will do:
Then let the vocal transcript of the mind
Be free though fetter'd, honest yet refined;
To every precept of politeness true, 485
The laws of honour and good nature too:
At every trifling cause to take offence,
Will form to courage but a poor pretence;
Who slurs my fame must the dread forfeit pay,
And with his life's blood wash the stain away; 490
But O! ignoble savage and unbless'd,
Close thy curs'd ear, thou duellist profess'd!
Thou venom'd worm on mirth's unguarded flower;
Thou stealing pest upon the social hour;
Herd with barbarians on some thirsty plain, 495
And quaff the streaming life-blood of the slain;

Outcast of gentler life, may public scorn
Point thee deserted, friendless, and forlorn;
Pity in vain thy parting spirit crave,
And heav'ns fire wither thine untimely grave. 500
  Vice, in whatever form, degree, or kind,
Degrades the manners and corrupts the mind;
Of all the glooming, dark, demoniac train,
Which wait the gamester's phrenzied lust of gain,
'Tis not the least, that 'neath the passion's sway 505
Each generous gentler feeling melts away;
That high-taught youth may, in such dangerous joy,
Too near approach to minds of base alloy;
For when they deviate from their high estate,
Low men become familiar with the great: 510
Gaming's a groveling passion at the best,
Inmate unworthy of the manly breast;
But should it e'er the softer bosom tear,
Ah! should it e'er possess the British fair!
Then for fair Myra, deep engaged in play, 515
I tremble much what next the maid may say;

Her's not the toilet's care,—no venial art
To please the eye, or captivate the heart;
No tender hopes, no soft domestic joys,
Or beam or languish in those azure eyes; 520
If Basto fail, or Pam uncivil prove,
No aid has friendship, and no solace love.

Fear not, my friend, lest thou should fail to reach
The generous virtue which my Muse would teach;
Though no admission thy stern fate decrees 525
At White's, amidst the charter'd sons of ease;
To be enroll'd a future loiterer there,
Fabricio canvass'd for his infant heir;
Nor yet at Boodle's canst thou boast a seat
To gaze on those who walk St. James's-street, 230
Where drowsy politics and wakeful play
Divide the night and mutilate the day;
Nor thou midst Alfred's, now unletter'd, race;
From Bond-street wanderings findst a resting place.
Shun low intrigue; it marks deficiency 535
Of pride, of feeling, and of purpose high;

Its fruits are labour lost and time mispent,
Fall'n fame, health faded, and diminish'd rent:
Better midst polish'd life thy leisure strays;
To bask in Beauty's constellated blaze; 540
To urge those arts which please each charier maid,
By modest smiles and cultured sense repaid:
At Love's high shrine a constant votary be;
O! never boast thee from his fetters free;
Bind round thy throbbing breast that mystic charm,
Guardian of good, and antidote of harm; 546
Worship that sovereign power, whose soft controul
Expands, exalts, and purifies the soul:
Woe to the time, whenever it ensue,
Accomplish'd woman meets not honour due; 550
It marks, methinks, a fast declining age,
When nobles wed the daughters of the stage;
When trembling start at the uncover'd star
Nymphs of the cot, or maidens of the bar;
However ill such lowly taste may speed; 555
Mar it our manners;—still it mends our breed:

We've view'd with sorrow, and we've mark'd with shame,
Rank, fashion, generous worth, and well-earn'd fame,
Barter commission, dignity, and place,
To share with tapsters in the bought embrace; 560
Such man's primeval stain; so woman's wile
The great shall govern, and the brave beguile;
May now such shades oblivious melt away
Beneath the promise of a brighter day;
Peace comes with honour crown'd; amidst her train,
See all the liberal virtues bloom again. 566

Scorn, scorn a lie;—O! leave that meaner part
To Gallia's fallen despot, or the mart;
The sacred majesty of Truth revere,
She bears no dalliance; seem and be sincere. 570
Shun obligation, for it is a net;
And shun the soul-incircling gripe of debt;
This, this has worn away the props of fame,
The reverence of truth and fear of shame;
Distress from Honour's stern-defined way 575
Full many a noble spirit leads astray.

The money-dealing test we surest find
By which to try the low or liberal mind;
Critus seems open, generous, void of guile,
And wears upon his lips the constant smile; 580
All things to all men he can act with ease
Friend, butt, companion, flatterer,—what you please;
I wish'd to purchase what he wish'd to sell;—
Chang'd by the magic of some wildering spell,
My courteous friend is now a dealer grown, 585
Now suddenly transform'd into a clown.

Though wine inflame, or social frolic press,
Never thy country's lesser laws transgress;
Value the public peace and good report,
Nor be an outlaw, even tho' in sport; 590
May ne'er for thee the gathering rattle sound,
Nor the night's guardian quit his tranquil round;
Safe in thy walks thy neighbour's plumy pride,
Safe his green hopes and saplings in thy ride:
At rout and ball 'tis half a custom grown 595
To take another's when we've lost our own;

Say should thy burnish'd beaver chance to roam?
Ne'er choose a better,—but go hatless home.
The charms of music, in severest eyes,
May grace the well-earn'd leisure of the wise; 600
Yet as the science, so the taste may show
A flight too arduous, or a walk too low;
The God who cherish'd song still bent the bow,
Ours be the patron's, not the artist's praise;
We need not share the banquet with the bays: 605
True, we have seen a shake, a touch, a tune,
Lead the flower'd way to C—rlt—n's gay saloon:
Yet have we mark'd that to the sons of song
The courtly sunshine never lasted long;
C—rlt—n has oped to close again its door, 610
And Sardus never must re-enter more.
Theatric sports may well our youth engage,
And aptly exercise our riper age;
They wake the genius and instruct the mind,
But mark me;—Roscius seldom is refin'd. 615
When warm in youth, and arm'd with attic lore,
I 'gan Life's variegated chart explore,

Foolish I deem'd, its regions to define,
That Education fix'd the social line;
And still, though I have witness'd with amaze 620
The monstrous minglings of these later days,
If elbowing grooms now hail the pitted peer,
And borough-mongers press the ducal chair;
If e'er St. Stephen's shall the mansion meet,
And if Change Alley crowd St. James's-street; 625
If princes, reckless of their high degrees,
Have supp'd with Nebulus on early peas;
Still I affirm, that ignorance is low,
And ever must a plant plebeian grow;
Kings may make titles, heralds scutcheons plan; 630
But Education forms the Gentleman.
By wealth and power adorn'd, in vulgar eyes
Bavius may polish'd seem, and Bufo wise;
And liberal merit may neglect indure,
If fashion frown, or poverty obscure; 635
Yet some, in generous principle elate.
Have liv'd respected in a small estate,
Loved by the low, and courted by the great;

Yes, taste and knowledge ever will adorn
The jocund rise of man's purpureal morn, 640
Shed o'er his rosy noon their cluster'd rays,
And gild the sober evening of his days.
Go then, my friend, upon that sacred shore,
Pluck the rich prize of intellectual ore;
Weave, as you list, the varied web of thought, 645
Nor fear to quaff the bright Pierian draught;
Though Satire ridicule, and Pride disclaim
The Muse's guidance up the steep of fame;
Yet may her hand the fairest wreath bestow
That e'er was seen to bloom on Fortune's brow; 650
Yet may her gifts each harder lot beguile,
And sooth the drooping sorrows till they smile;
To polish'd life its loveliest grace impart,
Amend the manners and exalt the heart:
Sweet gentle Art, to every good allied,
My latest worship, and my earliest pride; 655
Who, far surpassing Pleasure's loose pretence,
Gav'st me a nobler and a better sense;

Fling'st myriad treasures to my pausing eye,
Scorn'd by the crowd, or past unheeded by; 660
To Nature's shrine hast led my pensive feet,
Deck'd my lone cot, and graced my green retreat;
Oh! Poesy, my solace and my praise,
How art thou fall'n in these degenerate days!
What barbarous swarms the fruits of Fancy waste,
What new irruptions whelm the fields of taste! 666
From North, from South, from West, from fabled East,
Ambiguous composites of man and beast;
A crude, a monstrous and misshapen crew,
As Transatlantic draftsmen ever drew; 670
Forms that would make e'en Vishnu's votaries smile,
And fill with wild affright the dogs of Nile:
Shame to the age, when they who write to please
Must fill their venal page with things like these!
Must leave the sacred paths of classic lore, 675
Rude and barbarian regions to explore;
Scorn the pure models of the Attic school,
For listless licence, and for low misrule;

Neglect the Medicean line of grace,
For square proportions and a Tartar face; 680
Make heroes, demigods, and gods give way
To things of nought, or men of coarser clay;
Brachmins, and Faquirs, Bandits, and Bashaws,
Pagods, and Puppets, Monks, Moriscoes, Squaws;
Demons of air, and ministers of fire, 685
" Gorgons and Hydras and Chimeras dire: "
Shame to the age, when he who writes to please
Must fill his tawdry page with things like these!
Whilst loftier lyres are all in silence hung,
And many a glorious theme remains unsung; 690
Whilst still distinct each high poetic name
Shines, greatly guiding, on the roll of fame,
And sense and truth and nature are the same!
Indeed, indeed, my friend, I'm sad, I'm sick
To find the art of song a tumbling trick; 695
He best succeeds who most conceit can show,
Flauntingly high, or resolutely low;

With sudden revolution, dexterous vault,
Suspended pause, or enigmatic halt:
'Tis fair to tempt, with titubating feet, 700
The shadowy lines where sense and nonsense meet;
To veer a mid-day meaning round about,
Where the whole pleasure lies in finding out;
T' invert, involve, entangle, and imply,
Till doubt and darkness close the aching eye; 705
'Tis sweet to make us wonder, till we doze,
Why verse should seem so very much like prose:
I'm sore perplex'd, when megrim misses melt
O'er soft emotions, which were never felt;
The artist thus who cannot nature draw, 710
Paints things of marvel which we never saw;
Who cannot work the Muse's genuine ore,
Must rake in rubbish and old saws explore;
Who cannot speak the language of the Nine,
Must on some quaint exploded style refine; 715
Who finds too hard Apollo's chaste degree,
Calls riot rule, and licence liberty;

Thus blank obscurity conceals defect,
And pert vagaries cover loose neglect:
O for another Pope to roll along 720
The hallow'd vengeance of satiric song;
The master-scourge of censure to display,
And lash the rhyming follies of the day;
Bid genius its appropriate paths pursue,
And all his own Augustan times renew; 725
With morbid taste eternal war to wage,
And yield one poet to redeem the age!
Yes, 'tis an age, which smothers in their birth
The fires of genius and of generous worth;
Whilst folly and ambition rule the town, 730
Apollo roams again a rural clown:
Thou too, my friend, go scare the tuneful Nine,
A frantic votary at the sister shrine;
Play thou some new poetic Fast and Loose,
Or chant the golden legend of the goose; 735
Wound Reason, Taste, and Fancy, as you may;
The truant mischief will but have its day:

Better in trifles thus to be employ'd,
Than cherish at your breast an aching void;
Better than seek in courts some high disgrace, 740
Or dog the heels of party or of place:
Heav'ns! rather than I'd ever stoop to rise
By groveling arts, I must myself despise;
Than woo some prosing patriot for his vote,
Or cram the many-headed monster's throat; 745
Than e'er one borough-monger's fulsome feet
Should stain the steps of my paternal seat;
I'd strive, methinks, in tennis-courts to gain
Some Broughton's praise with pugilistic pain;
Or walk or ride for fame, a moving show; 750
Or grinning grace the cockpit's foremost row.
So have I taught a virtue which may grace
The sparkling prime of Britain's generous race;
Great in its growth, or weak in its decay,
Kingdoms shall rise, or empires melt away; 755
'Twas this which shone our long-toss'd bark to save,
Bounding in beauty o'er the mountain wave;

This nerved the victor arm, and dealt the blow
Which laid in dust the mean usurper low:
Nor let us deem it not the firm ally 760
Of Christian faith and genuine piety;
Yes, 'tis a wreath, in waving glories bound
Of heaven's own fane the polish'd corner round;
Shield of our faith, upon thine orb we see
The cross entwined with flowers of courtesy: 765
Yes, there are minds both humble and elate,
Noble though pious, and though good yet great;
And those there are, to no high thought allied,
Who fraud beneath the mask of freedom hide,
And make humility the cloak of pride; 770
He who 'gainst Nature's, Reason's, Virtue's rule,
Holds any creed, is either rogue or fool.
Then thou, my friend, whilst high thy virtues soar,
In humble hope the sovereign good adore;
At Mercy's shrine, of those who bend the knee, 775
Remember, all are equal in degree:
Shun what is base, and scorn the despot's nod,
But with the low in spirit, praise thy God.

ODES, &c.

Ode

ON

THE VICTORY AND DEATH

OF

LORD NELSON.

I.

SHE seemeth like a matron mild,
Weeping for her only child;—
Saw ye not the shadowy form?
Heard ye not the pensive strain?
It'is borne on the wings of the storm;
On her sea-rock I hear her complain:
And yet again the thrill of pleasure
Raises light th' exulting measure;
The lordly lion at her side,
Sheath'd his claws, but red with gore;
Sons of France, ye heard him roar;
Couches low in victor pride;

Loose to the blast her mantle white she flings,
And, as the varying chords of thought inspire,
She touches the symphonious strings,
And wakes the sounding lyre;
Amidst the tempest's pausings, swift and slow,
High notes of triumph swell, and murmuring sounds
of woe.

II.

"Tell again, my griefs, the story
Of Columbia's fatal plain;
Fallen on the day of glory,
Lo! another victor slain:
Yet e'er the battle's rage was done,
Yet e'er the bloody wreath was won,
Britons, be true, again he cried,
He spoke the conquering word, and died:
Was it for this, my son,
I sent thee forth to deeds of fame,
Thy circled radiance proudly streaming,
A meteor over ocean gleaming,

And bade thee mark in blood thy country's claim,
And bade thee cumulate her trophied name?
Go then, I cried, thy gallant pennons spreading,
Win thy proud way upon the subject sea;
Wield my dread commission'd thunder,
Fill the warring earth with wonder,
And tell the nations, we are free;
Go, and the printless paths of glory treading,
Hurl thine hot bolts of vengeance on the foe,
Who from his blood-stained zenith scowling,
Or like a fiend of plunder prowling,
Would lay our lofty turrets low;
Wide o'er the world, along the yielding waves
Proclaim, that Britons never will be slaves.

III.

"Yes, and thou heardst the mighty warning,
New fears, O Gallia, fill'd thy breast;
Calm'd were the furies of thy crest;
Pale was thy man of blood;

For who was he, thy boasted prowess scorning,
Who bade Ægyptus' flood
Roll back his waves distain'd with gore?
And who upon St. Vincent's day
Scatter'd wide that proud array?
And who the tower'd battle broke?
Vain, Elsineur, thy marshal'd thunders roar,
And shake the narrow sea and frighted shore,
They shall not check the warrior on his way.
Iberia, chained to the accursed yoke,
Sad on the rocks of Trafalgar,
Seest thou the red wave strew'd afar?
Seest thou again thy banners low?
Again, again, thy warriors bleed,
Deserted in their need?
Fled is the base confederate foe;
E'en as the trembling pinions of a dove
Before the bird of Jove;
Yet mark'd he not the Falcon's tow'ring height,
Who stoop'd, and struck him in his coward flight.

IV.

And have they quench'd in noblest blood their shame?
And is thy spirit fled, my son,
Ere yet thy mighty course was run?
Yes he is gone;—but he has left a name
To be a loadstar in the field of fame;
When, glancing o'er the azure wave,
My warriors lift th' avenging blow,
Still Nelson's name shall fire the brave,
And turn to flight the shrinking foe.
O weave the cypress with the laurel leaf,
The ray of morn with night's funereal gloom;
Ye cannot call him from the shades of death;
Britons, but ye can deck the hero's tomb:
There, fashion'd by his country's hand,
His monumental bust shall stand;
Some son of ocean, lingering nigh,
Shall proudly smile, and heave the sigh;
And pointing to the trophied stone,
Recount each battle Nelson won:

There stern-eyed Honour oft shall drop the tear,
And Glory dwell a well-pleased mourner there:
Lay on thy country's lap thy laurel'd head,
And rest, my son, among the mighty dead."

Inscription

FOR

A MONUMENT

TO

LORD NELSON,

Which has been raised on an Eminence at Tainuilt in the Highlands of Scotland, by the Workmen of the English Iron Manufactory established there: it is composed of a Pillar of rude Granite.

NO artist's hands the trophied column raise,
No chisel'd labours swell the theme of praise;
A rude, rough stone here bears our Nelson's name,
Bold as his genius, towering as his fame;
What richer tribute might his spirit crave,
Than that which freemen offer to the brave?

Ode

TO

SLEEP.

SON of the night, thy plumy down unfold,
  And softly wave it o'er my pillow'd head;
More rich to me than spoil of fleecy gold,
  Cherub of rest, thy purple pinions spread;

Thou goodliest angel of this nether sky,
  O come, and scatter from thy poppied urn
Visions of hope, which shun the waking eye,
  Of happiness, which never may return:

O softly sooth awhile the labour'd thought;
  Above, around, thy fragrant dew dispense;
Lay to the wounds of woe thy balm unbought,
  And close the aching avenues of sense.

Not for thy train tumultuous, gentle Sleep,
  Love's fever'd dream, or folly's vision wild,
I woo thee now; for Love has woke to weep,
  And noon-day Folly has too long beguil'd:

All monstrous things, which shun the face of day,
  Pale spectred fears, and horror's boding cry,
Scare from my couch; and banish far away
  The guilty phantasms of illusive joy:

If, pierc'd the deathlike stillness of thy reign,
  Excursive thought be busy in my breast;
Let Fancy, fluttering in the Muse's train,
  Strew her sweet flowerets o'er my rosy rest;

So may I wander the Castalian shore,
  And gather treasures richer than the mine;
Or walk with Wisdom, quaffing deep her lore,
  A pensive pilgrimage to Nature's shrine.

View'd through thy magic glass, a brighter glow
  Is seen to float o'er each created thing;
The waning Summer seems again to blow,
  And frowning Winter wears the smile of Spring.

Flying with thee, along the murky night;
  Fair dreams my infant landscape shall illume,
Shed o'er my fields a soft Arcadian light,
  And give my garden an Elysian bloom;

Though many a long revolving year must roll
  E'er Taste approve the visionary scene;
Yet instant hast'ning to the destin'd goal,
  Prophetic Fancy fills the space between.

And sometime, Sleep, with thee I may aspire
  To range upborn th' expanse of ether blue;
And listen rapt the blest aërial choir,
  And bathe my footsteps in celestial dew;

Or, still if wandering in this mortal maze,
  I'll roam excursive through each varying clime;
Or, calling up the forms of other days,
  Peruse the traces of departed time:

Sweet nestling infant of the silent hour,
  Come thus, and all thy soothing balm impart;
O come, and steep thy blest Lethean flower
  In every pure emotion of the heart.

Ode

TO

THE BELL-FLOWER.

FAIR, simple, pensive, modest-drooping flower,
Mid rock or glen or pastur'd vale abiding,
I've sought thee in the fragrance-breathing hour,
When infant light was summer cloud bestriding;
And when the sober star of evening rose,
And rover bees their gather'd stores were hiding,
Oft have I seen thy dewy chalice close:
Lonely on the mountain's brow,
Now thine elfin banners wave;
Along the hoar cragg clust'ring now,
Now purpling on the warrior's grave;
In soft seclusion of some devious vale,
Where village peace and gentle fancy stray,
Wooing near murmuring stream the vesper gale,
Thou greet'st the musive wand'rer on his way,

Or where some rugged Alpine steep
Flings its fantastic horrors 'thwart the sky,
I've seen thee midst the grey mist weep;
Like Resignation's lowly-lifted eye
Pond'ring the ruthless paths of bleak Adversity.

II.

Whether unfixed Fancy lead
My vagrant course, on Summer-wing,
To taste Sabrina's placid spring;
Along her velvet down careering,
Mid heath, and thistle low, and fragrant thyme,
Cautious I check my jocund tread,
Fearing to wound thy azure head;
Or if to th' Arctic star and humid clime,
And Nature's ruder shrine, with pure step veering
Where'er she flings, in wilder'd mood,
Sublime, on the astonish'd sense
Her orderless magnificence;
Still amidst Derwent's caverns hoar,

His mountains girt with wavy wood,
His tideless ocean and his scathless shore,
Thou lov'st to dwell,
Cerulean bell;
And o'er Northumbria's deserts, frowning far,
To cheer the gelid waste, kind Flora's love
Thy tender-veined streamers wove,
To flounce on Caledonia's bosom bare,
And deck the sunny tresses of her flowing hair.

III.

What seems the garden's varied pride?
To pleasure and to pomp allied;
And what the rude rock's pendent flower?
Sweet solace in misfortune's hour:
Fair emblem of Simplicity,
If oft, like thee,
With azure zone her modest robe constraining,
She pensive pause at evening time,
Listening some distant sabbath chime;

Of Pity too,
Bedim'd her eye with pearly dew,
When beauteously she bends to sorrow's plaining.
Now fare thee well,
Cerulean bell;
I leave the tinted grove and russet glen,
To mingle in the haunts of men;
See Winter drear his stormy urn incline;
The peopled murmurings of the clear blue sky,
The gossamer upon the solar-shine,
Shall welcome to my votive eye
Thee and the Summer once again;
Pilgrim of Nature, wheresoe'er I stray,
Wave thee, fair flowret, on my lonely way.

Elegy

ON

A YOUNG LADY,

WHO DIED IN THE BLOOM OF YOUTH, AFTER A FEW DAYS' ILLNESS.

NOT long to mortal man his joys remain;—
As year to year, and day succeeds to day,
Some link is broken of affection's chain;
The wing of time some blessing sweeps away:

Say, was it not a faithless dream which said,
Child of the dark and visionary hour,
" Eliza now is number'd with the dead,
And thou shalt see that lovely face no more?"

Friend of her youth, I saw Eliza bloom,
Bloom fair in beauty's and in virtue's pride;
I did not see her sink into the tomb;—
Still in my thoughts she blossom'd, when she died:

Late o'er the lawn, and through the bowering shade,
  I saw her wild in frolic mazes fly;
Health o'er her cheek its loveliest lustre spread,
  And pleasure sparkled in her laughing eye:

O had I thought that in so short a space,
  Ere yet mine ear had lost her last farewell,
She would have journey'd to her resting place,
  And left me sorrowing in life's fearful vale;

I might have hail'd her course to brighter skies,
  And bade her bless me ere she fled away;
I might have worship'd her, midst tears and sighs,
  An angel hast'ning to the realms of day.

Fancy and wit were hers, to feeling true,
  And the pure tranquil sunshine of the breast;
Warm at her heart the young affections grew,
  In all their fondest, tenderest ties impress'd;

Simplicity, the morning star of youth,
  And Charity, the dropping dew of even,
And hers were Meekness, and ingenuous Truth,
  And all the moral lights which lead to heaven:

O when I think, as think I often must,
  That all those virtues slumber in the grave;
That all those glowing beauties are but dust;
  That no perfection e'en the good can save;

Then I exclaim, that life is but a flower,
  Which blooms to fade, or withers ere it blow;
That man is but the creature of an hour;
  That all is frail and transient here below;

But that there is a country and a clime,
  Where grateful spirits blest hosannas sing,
Where no decay shall mark the steps of time,
  And virtue boast a bright perpetual spring;

" There," love may lift the closing eye, and say,
" I first shall land upon that sacred shore,
" We have together walk'd th' appointed way,
" There we shall meet again, to part no more."

Sonnet

TO

THE MOON

ON A STORMY NIGHT.

AMIDST the howling elemental war,
From the rent bosom of yon sullen cloud,
Thou dost thy pure and lucid front unshroud,
Pale Arbitress, upon thy silver car
Sole gliding, regent of the restless night;
Urged by the blast, the volum'd vapours fly
'Long the dun concave of the vaulted sky;
Yet thou thy tranquil stream of amber light
Shedst on the tempest's wing:—e'en so supreme,
Amidst the conflicts of the troubled soul,
The bosom-heaving gusts of good and ill,
Religion holds her sacred, calm control,
And shedding soft her pure ethereal beam,
Lights to those distant realms, where all is still.

Sonnet

TO

THE MOON

ON A CALM SUMMER NIGHT, NEAR THE SEA.

I KNOW not what of sweet and calm delight
  Steals o'er my soul, when thou thy stilly stream
Of radiance pour'st, fair empress of the night,
Upon the dimpled bosom of the deep;
  Whilst balmy zephyrs waft yon gliding sail
  Across the lucid path-way of thy beam;
And placid undulations murmuring creep
  Along th' unfurrow'd sand: yes, ever hail,
Bright planet, o'er the broad sea peerless ride,
  And bid the elemental warfare cease;
  I love thee better than day's garish eye;
Thou too might'st govern thought's tumultuous tide,
  And hush its restless billows into peace,
  E'en though Melinda were not musing nigh.

Sonnet to ——.

PIERCED heretofore by Cupid's shafts untold,
Lately so calm and quiet in my breast,
After so long an interval of rest,
I deem'd indeed my heart of marble mould:

Then why these tumults of the throbbing vein?
Quick through my nerves forgotten tremors thrill;
I seem to taste the cup of honied ill,
And all Love's wild vicissitudes again.

Yes, yes, Corinna, though those winning charms
Might still have fail'd my torpid heart to move,
Though long unused to these fond alarms,
Yet virtue have I never ceased to love;
That sweet smile speaks thee virtuous, tender, true;
And heaven's own azure in those eyes I view.

Sonnet

FROM PETRARCH,

TO A VEIL WHICH LAURA HAD DROPPED.

WELCOME, thou lucid piece of woven air,
  Welcome my Laura's image to renew;
Thou seem'dst a living relict of my fair,
  As yester-eve she breathed a soft adieu:
Thou shed'st Love's own ambrosial perfume,
  Still through thee beams her dear bewitching smile,
Her eye's sweet converse, and her roseate bloom;
  Welcome, fair web, her absence to beguile:
As to my lips thy balmy folds I press,
  Which wont her lovely bosom to intwine,
Each melting accent, and each coy caress,
  And each endearing look again are mine;
Ere I resign thee, thou Elysian vest,
O come, and ease awhile my throbbing breast.

TO

A Young Lady,

Who expressed Surprise that some Otto of Roses which she had worn Two Years on her Bosom still retained its Smell.

THAT rose-drop, harbouring on your breast,
So long has found a shelter there,
You wonder much it does not waste
Its aromatic soul in air;
Dear girl, that ne'er will be the case;
For as the odorous essence flies,
The vial from its resting place,
Each moment gathers fresh supplies;
There virtue dwells, a flower who blows
Of fresher fragrance than the rose.

TO

A Young Lady,

Inclosing a very small white Pocket-handkerchief, which she had dropped going down a Dance.

GO, kerchief, back to Delia haste,
Loth for a while with me confined,
White as the lily of her breast,
Pure as the temper of her mind;

Tell her, to him whose happy chance
Gave to arrest thy falling snow,
As floating through the mazy dance
Her beauties woke each bosom's glow;

It seem'd as if, in myrtle grove,
When Venus graced Idalia's spring,
Beside her steps, some little Love
Had drop'd a feather from his wing.

TO ———,

WHO HAD SLEPT IN MY PRESENCE.

O SHROUD again that living ray,
And close those eyes which ope the day;
O sleep, my love; with less alarms
Then may I gaze upon thy charms;
Hang fondly o'er the mimic death,
Catch the warm fragrance of thy breath;
View beauty's ever devious line
Wave o'er that lovely form of thine,
Watch heaving soft those orbs of snow,
Or mark thy flush'd cheek's deeper glow;
O sleep, or let thy waking eye
No more its sweet consent deny;
Still must my heart its vigil keep,
Or when you wake, or when you sleep.

TO

TWO YOUNG LADIES, SISTERS,

WALTZING TOGETHER.

SWEET maids, who floating through the choral maze,
Have tranced me frequent in ecstatic gaze;
O for the touch which drew the waving line,
A faultless offering at Beauty's shrine!
O for a Titian's pencil, wild and warm,
To fix the flying harmonies of form!
Then, then some varying movement might I trace
Of air-born sylphs and disembodied grace;
But who shall paint, however he excell,
The woven witcheries of that magic spell?
When two fair nymphs still urge the cunning round,
On the charm'd wheel of ever-circling sound?
When soft around persuasive concords breathe,
And guide the braidings of the living wreath;

When our rapt eyes in pleasing gyre pursue
Charms ever changing, beauties ever new;
Necks lovely bent, or gracefully reclined,
The fourfold knot, like lilies intertwined;
In careless heed, and difference discreet,
The wild accordance of fantastic feet;
The modest glow, the glance devoid of guile,
And sweet consentings of the sister smile;
Like perfumes passing on Favonian wing,
The stealing cadence of the restless ring;
So elfin sprites, in night's serenest noon,
Flit in the radiance of the paly moon;
So angel shapes in azure fields above
In noiseless step and mystic measure move;
Seraphic harpings thus direct on high,
Orb within orb, the spheric harmony.

THE PASTIMES OF LOVE.

As once, on Cytherea's day,
I wander'd in the Paphian grove;
I view'd around, in frolic play,
The golden family of Love;

To all a scarf of mystic flame,
And azure light of summer skies;
Their quivers and their bows the same,
Their cherub cheeks and laughing eyes:

Yet in each sport, and infant face,
My fancy strove, nor strove in vain,
The varying characters to trace,
Which chequer Love's eventful reign.

One had just caught in silken snare
  A gaudy flutterer of the Spring,
And in a fold of amber hair
  Had prison'd close his woven wing;

And one on flowery bank belied,
  With barbed hook and braided line,
The tenant of the crystal tide;
  Then laugh'd to see him flounce and pine:

" These, these are they, O cruel guile,
  " Who drug with death the cup of joy,
" Ah! these," I cried, " deceive and smile,
  " And cherish only to destroy."

One bent against his infant knee
  What seem'd the twisted bolt of Jove;
Not e'en can heaven's artillery
  Elude the furtive hand of Love;

" Ah ! so to arm the erring soul,
" Reason and wisdom too were given ;
" So has the urchin archer stole
" The gifted panoply of heaven."

And who had poised his hovering flight,
Where flowers bestrew'd yon treach'rous ground ?
And waved a wand of luring light,
And beckon'd, as he wheel'd around ?

I knew the boy's intent malign,
" Ah this," I cried, " is Beauty's snare ;
" So once I bow'd me at her shrine,
" But all was false as it was fair."

Another came in Pity's guise,
And seem'd to drop the sacred tear ;
Downcast his arrows and his eyes
Upon a ring-dove's flowery bier ;

And yet methought a lurking smile,
  Like sun-beams on a rose, might prove,
Upon his dewy lip the while,
  That seeming Pity still is Love.

There was a boy among the rest
  Who kiss'd a maiden in a bower,
And as her ruby lip he press'd,
  A white rose shed a fragrant shower;

" This is the genuine god, I cried,
  " Guileless and sacred his control;
" That Psyche his celestial bride,
  " And dove-wing'd Psyche is—the soul.

LOVE'S LEARNING.

THOUGH never taught to measure space,
Nor versed in geometric lore,
The line of beauty I can trace,
And Chloe's finish'd form adore.

I cannot tell, a linguist sage,
Of labour'd search, and view profound,
The purport of each puzzling page,
Nor every tangled text expound;

But I can run, and read the while
The lucid language of an eye,
The mystic meaning of a smile,
The soft confession of a sigh.

I cannot give each light a name,
  Which gems th' expanse of ether blue;
Nor sapient sing the healing fame
  Of every herb which sips the dew;

But I of all the charms can speak
  Which round my lovely Chloe fly;
Bloom in the blossom of her cheek,
  Laugh in the lustre of her eye.

All politics, in truth, I hate,
  Save those of two fond hearts alone;
Nor any secrets know of state,
  Save those of Love's immortal throne.

Who guides the helm, who holds the scale,
  Who rules the land, and who the sea,
If Russia or the Turk prevail,
  'Tis much the same, I own, to me;

I only know if Delia reign,
  Or Lydia sway my subject heart,
Whether I wear Melinda's chain,
  Or Phillis points the pleasing smart.

Let others court the din of arms,
  And fierce in iron fields engage;
I only wake to Love's alarms,
  And Cupid's tender warfare wage.

Let others martial tactics teach,
  And how to fight, and how to fly;
Of Love's soft tactics I can preach,
  And all his golden panopoly.

To make the worse the better cause,
  My practis'd speech will ne'er persuade,
Unskill'd, indeed, in any laws,
  Save those alone which Love has made.

No rhetorician's robe I wear,
  But can teach many a honied guile,
The soft persuasion of a tear,
  The ruby rhetoric of a smile.

My want of wit who shall despise?
  Since Love has made the world his throne;
Laws, arts, has he, and polities,
  And a whole science of his own.

LOVE IS BLIND.

A YOUTH, as youth is apt to do,
Loved a young maid, her name was Prue;
But whether that some other swain
Had crept into the lady's brain,
Or that her vows were fix'd as fate
To live and die in maiden state,
Or that unapt she was to burn,
His love ne'er met a kind return.
The world, who saw with other eyes,
Express'd at this no small surprise;
For he was comely to the view,
Aye, and a lad of spirit too;
And she was neither rich nor fair,
Had neither grace, nor shape, nor air;
Her eye was bright, none might disown,
But all might see she had but one;

All but the youth;—he never saw
In shape or eyes the slightest flaw;
But thought her, and the man could see,
As perfect as a maid might be;
And pin'd in passion night and day,
And wept and sigh'd his soul away:
So wan and lean the lover grew,
The Doctors, when the case they knew,
Bade him to distant lands repair
For change of scene and change of air:
So much reluctant, leaving home,
He went to Paris, Naples, Rome;
And many a month, and many a mile,
He sought his sorrows to beguile;
Nor sought in vain; for change of place,
And time, will deepest woes efface;
And love, without the aid of wings,
Will pass away, like other things.
Ere once and twice the god of day
Had cours'd the tropic's azure way,

With health restor'd, and whole of heart,
And clean extracted Cupid's dart,
The youth return'd; and to the maid
His cool respects, now sober, paid.
She seem'd indeed, his frenzy o'er,
Not quite so handsome as before;
Nor did he not each fault descry:
"Good heav'ns! Miss Prue, you've lost one eye
"Since last we met." In furious fret
Curling her nose, "Since last we met
"I have not lost one eye," says Prue;
"But you have found, I take it, two."
The moral of my tale, you find,
Is merely this, that Love is blind.

HOPE AND FEAR.

TO DELIA.

THOUGH love's pearly dew-drop has stood in your eye,
And eloquent smiles on your ruby lip play'd,
Though confession has fully been breath'd in a sigh,
And soft glances the tenderest meaning convey'd;

Yet unless you more plainly your kind thoughts reveal,
One frown makes the visions of bliss disappear;
Ah, they only know, who the wild passion feel,
Why we doubt when we hope, and believe when we fear.

Εις Μναματα Πιττȣ και Φοξȣ γειτονεοντα

Οὗς Μερις αλληλὼς ȣȣλη ȣιοτη θ' ανομοιη
Ζωντας αποστησαν, και πολυμορφον αγων,
Των ἐκθνησκοντων, ξυνο κρυπτȣσ' ενι τυμȣω
Μικρὰ χωριζει σοματ' ενερθε κονις.

ON THE MONUMENTS OF MR. PITT AND MR. FOX, PLACED NEAR ONE ANOTHER IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THEY, whom contending in their mortal state,
Ambition bade th' eternal vigil keep,
Wage the long war, and urge the keen debate,
Now side by side, in tranquil silence sleep.

Those, whom opinion, party, sever'd wide,
Opposing interests and rival sway;
Now, in the narrow tomb, alone divide
A few short measures of their kindred clay.

Haud ignara mali miseris succurrere disco.

WHEN chasten'd by Affliction's hand,
We learn to sooth another's woe;
So on that blest Arabian strand
The wounded trees their balm bestow.

FROM THE GREEK.

LOVE, I thy power, by Reason arm'd, defy;
E'en let us then our single prowess prove,
A mortal I, and thou the son of Jove;
But if the Lesbian god be thy ally,
Vain is my art, and vain is Reason's aid,
When thou assail'st the heart, and he the head.

NOTES

TO

THE GENTLEMAN.

NOTES

TO

THE GENTLEMAN.

Line 13. *WHETHER, when Greece her reign of taste began,*
Or Rome her mid-day course of glory ran.

The Chevalier and Cavaliere of France and Italy had their prototypes in the ιππευς and *eques* of Greece and Rome.

17. *Or love the generous principle supplied.*

"As a champion of God and the ladies (I blush to unite such discordant names), he devoted himself to speak the truth, to maintain the right, to protect the distressed, to practise courtesy." GIBBON'S DECLINE AND FALL.

68. *Shall grovel in his fall, for fall he must.*

These lines were written when Bonaparte was on his road to Moscow.

75. *That land where lowly minded men bear sway.*

"I now renewed a reflection which I have often seen

occasion to make, that there is nothing so incongruous in nature as any kind of power with lowliness of mind; and that there is nothing more deplorable than the want of truth in the whimsical notion of Plato, who tells us that Saturn, well knowing the state of human affairs, gave us kings, not of human but divine original."

FIELDING'S JOURNEY TO LISBON.

The French, since their revolution, come under the lucid designation of Lord Verulam: " A people who have put off the generosity of minds."

82. *Let Hunter machinate the season'd ill.*

Dr. Hunter, physician at York; among many learned and practical essays published by this gentleman on Agriculture, the Economy of Life, &c. we find one on the Art of Cookery.

85 *Hope furnish new our houses or our heads.*

Mr. Hope, the author of an ingenious and classical essay on household furniture.

107. *Who erst conferr'd a title and a name.*

" Both at Athens and Sparta we find ἱππεις, or horsemen, to have conferred the second order in the commonwealth, being placed above the commonalty; the same is recorded of the Roman Equites; afterwards men of

estates began to court ease and pleasure, and thought it more adviseable to furnish out a horseman at their own expense, than venture their own person; they retained, indeed, their former name."

POTTER'S GRECIAN ANTIQUITIES.

110. *But ye no conquerors are.*

——— et, sibi Consul
Ne placeat, curru servus portatur eodem.

JUVENAL, SAT. X.

This was sometimes the custom in the Roman triumphal processions, in order to check any inordinate exultation in the Victor. The same custom has been adopted by some of our modern charioteers, rather, I fear, from motives of moral degradation than humility.

147. *Sapient in sauce and sections.*

Lord Chesterfield reckons carving among the accomplishments of a gentleman; certainly, if this office must be performed, it may as well be done dexterously; but I have my doubts of the propriety of placing the art of carving among gentlemanlike accomplishments: at the tables of Asiatic princes meats are produced already carved; in the great families of Rome, when at the height of her civilization, there was an officer called a carver;

this was also the case at the court of Scotland; and this refinement is, in some measure, adopted in our own country at the tables of men of rank and fortune.

150. —— *and "exquisitest name."*

Milton, Paradise Regained. Newton observes, on these words, that the Romans gave exquisite names to fish of a superior taste, as cerebrum Jovis, &c. The same appellative luxury may be observed in the catalogues of choice wines and fruits of every modern nation.

156. *Consume the comforts of declining age.*

——seu
Dura valetudo inciderit, seu tarda senectus.
HORAT. SAT. XI.

I would recommend the perusal of the whole of this satire, and of Pope's imitation.

174. *Who point the paths of honour, bright and true.*

Our universities, but more particularly our public schools, I consider as small commonwealths, where the principles of honour and generosity are strongly inculcated and apprehended; and from which every species of illiberality and ungentlemanlike conduct is by general consent discarded; *expertus loquor;* and, for my own part,

I always look back with peculiar feelings of complacency to those days when I formed one of a little community where all the laws of honour and morality were in full force: and when I reflect on the atrocities which, since that period, have disgraced the public annals of Europe; when I see corruption pervading all the branches of our own state, and laxity of principle debasing all ranks of society; I still with a greater degree of melancholy pleasure revert to those scenes where sentiment was pure, and the moral sense tremblingly alive; where energy was exalted, and talent never basely employed.

190. *Content, though in thy venerable hall*
No mystic monsters crowd the blazon'd wall.

In the decorations of our houses, and I fear also in much more important exercises of our tasteful faculties, we are now paying too much attention to barbarous or semibarbarous models; notwithstanding the praiseworthy efforts of travellers and learned men to investigate and bring into light and due notice the progress which the Eastern nations have made in science and civilization; yet am I clearly of opinion that nothing will be gained from them which will approach in any degree to our ideas of perfection in taste or elegance. I believe that we may

generally assert that the East exhibits either only the crude principles, or the corruptions of taste; the Grecian school will always hold forth the true standards; and I am convinced that the architect or poet who shall neglect the models which that school has afforded for the mysteries of Hindoo or Egyptian mythology, will exhibit very ephemeral productions. I will refer my reader for some further strictures on this subject to Mr. Knight's Landscape:

> O happy days, when Art to Nature true,
> No tricks of dress or whim of fashion knew;
> E'er forms fantastical and grim grimace,
> Had dared usurp the honour'd name of grace.

See also his Note attached to these lines.

208. *Hail to the patriot purpose which has shed*
The rays of science round the warrior's head.

Military seminaries have been formed at High Wickham, and Marlow on the Thames, where attention is paid, not only to those sciences connected with military affairs, but also to the *belles lettres.*

240. *True courage is to courtesy inclined,*
And souls may still be valiant though refined.

Gentle, from *generosus,* is in the older poets most com-

monly used for valiant, and hence the term Gentleman. Thus in Shakspeare,

> *Miranda.* O dear father
> Make not too rash a trial of him, for
> He's gentle and not fearful. TEMPEST.

246. *Base ribaldry, which, unadorn'd by wit,*
Princes nor porticoes will e'er admit.

Non Dii, non homines, non concessere columnæ.

In the ancient courts, buffoons, professed jesters, and fools, formed part of the royal establishment; these anticks, it is supposed, were meant to afford to Majesty an innocent recreation in the hours of relaxation from the fatigues of government; perhaps a less dignified origin might be assigned to this custom. If we look into the penetralia of modern courts we shall find, I believe, similar characters, not indeed on the civil list, who are the necessary appendages of many a princely establishment; these are the mimic, the songster, and the talker of slang; the latter qualification is a very difficult one; few species of composition are, indeed, more difficult than what is termed, in fashionable language, good slang; that is, a species of ribaldry sufficiently refined from vulgar grossness, as to suit the meridian of high life; we seldom meet with it at a military mess, or on board ship; what passes

current there would not be tolerated at certain more refined tables. I should term this accomplishment a species of sublimed bathos, or refined vulgarity: but let us here seriously advert, that however levities of this kind may be encouraged or tolerated at the fashionable table; though the severity of moral criticism be at times smothered in laughter; though ribaldry, by losing all its grossness, loses much of its deformity; yet when made use of by superiors to inferiors, it has the effect of lowering the dignity of the Gentleman, and lessening the salutary influence which is attached to rank and birth.

264. *The chieftain's mirror, and the soldier's friend,*
Pure was his life, and glorious was its end.

Not only in the melancholy instance which I allude to (for he was loved and respected by all who knew him), but in many others which are, and have been, under my observation, I have always found that young men who have entered the army, after having received the rudiments of a liberal education, have been universally respected and looked up to by their brother officers. The following account is extracted from the letter of an officer of rank who was on the spot: "When leading the storming party to the assault, his left arm was shattered to pieces by a chain shot; notwithstanding which, he

mounted the breach, waved his hat, and fell; his body was found pierced by eleven balls."

284. *Its fair supporters, dignity and grace.*

During the continuance of the late struggle for the independence of Europe, and more particularly since its termination, I have perused many of the writings of Mr. Burke with increased satisfaction; and I believe that there are now very few who will withhold their assent from his opinion, that dignity in its civil and religious establishments is among the principal supports of a state, and not in its establishments only; but dignity in its rulers, dignity in its magnates, dignity in its conduct, both foreign and domestic; this virtue was always preserved by the Romans during their supremacy; by the French, never.

290. *And thickening in the council of the state,*
May doze and languish in the full debate.

It certainly would not be constitutional to deny the mercantile interest a place in the representation of this country; but it appears to me that the numbers of such representatives should be limited, not only to prevent jobbing and corruption, and injury to the agricultural interest, but to sustain the dignity of the great council of

the nation. I would also have this restriction, in part, extended to the profession of the law: it is so, necessarily, to the two other liberal professions; no mercantile or professional man is likely to excel in parliamentary elocution; a peculiar and abstracted education is necessary for members of parliament: this was the opinion of Sir Nicholas Bacon, the father of Lord Verulam, who proposed a national institution for the education of senators. Our schools and universities afford a proper groundwork for the formation of a good senator; but much is wanting which has not been at all supplied by a late attempt of the young men resident there to form a preparatory gymnasium, in which to exercise themselves on the subjects of parliamentary debate; this, as might be expected, instead of a field for the acquisition of political and general science, was a mere arena for the display of party spirit and petty intrigue, the exemplar of St. Stephen's, *vitiis imitabile;* and has been very properly abolished by the heads of the universities.

295. *The baffled tauntings of our conquer'd foe.*

It is now nearly a twelvemonth since, in the beginning of this essay, I wrote some lines prophetic of the fall of Bonaparte; shortly after those lines were written he was a prisoner in Elba, and certainly "groveling in his fall."

I do not know a more humiliating situation than that in which he was placed by the allied sovereigns; they put a barren sceptre in his grasp; they erected a mockery of despotism, a living monument of the fate of ambition, tyranny, and usurpation. Bonaparte has, I believe, by this time, discovered that we are not yet become a "nation of shopkeepers;" and I would have our legislature always watchful that we never do become such; for from that moment our national ascendency ceases to exist: it is the liberal principle which I am now treating of, which, woven into our constitution, has supported us through the late glorious contest; and, I believe, we shall find that no state has risen to any degree of permanent greatness * without a considerable share of this principle, whether it has shown itself in the spirit of chivalry,† a national love

* Perhaps the conquests of Republican France and the flourishing state of England under Cromwell, may be thought exceptions to this; these I conceive to have been only the temporary effects of a morbid enthusiasm, moral, political, or religious, and to have prevailed only when opposed to the corruption or decay of the liberal principle which took place in most of the Courts of Europe in the time of Cromwell, and at the beginning of the French Revolution.

† In the time of Henry IV. of France, an high, liberal, and chivalric spirit seemed to pervade all classes where bigotry had no place; even a proscribed banditti, the Guelleris, were affected

of glory, or the erection of dignified establishments and orders; a certain degree of commerce * may assist, and not be incongruous with this principle; but we have witnessed the baneful effects of commerce, when it pervades the whole body of the state, in the degradation of Holland, and lately in the weak, vaunting, vacillating, and illiberal conduct of America.

304. *Yet have we never seen with wondering eyes*
A Cincinnatus to the helm arise.

We can easily conceive that a people may become great, when actuated by a noble principle, even though their habits and method of living be simple, coarse, and rustic; hæ tibi erunt artes. But it by no means follows that rusticity generates the noble principle: when Rome was about to attain its highest degree of grandeur, rural occupations, if we believe Sallust, were looked upon with some degree of contempt. Non fuit concilium socordiâ at desidiâ bonum otium conterere, neque vero *agrum colendo* vel venando, *servilibus officiis* intentum, ætatem

by it. Their motto was "Peace to Gentlemen,—the Purse of Merchants."

* Montesquieu says that an increased commerce, as it refines the most barbarous, corrupts the purest manners; as it unites and enriches communities, it disunites and debases individuals.

agere; sed—statui res gestas populi Romani perscribere.

313. *And timber only in his spreading trees.*

Lucum ligna.

The following conversation is said to have taken place between a gentleman of much taste in the picturesque, and a man of title, who lives within a few miles of a large sea-port, and whose house is surrounded with most beautiful scenery. The man of taste, on visiting the other, made inquiries concerning a favourite oak; "I never saw a more grand or picturesque tree, such an irregular and fantastic outline! such a bulk, and such nodosity!"—"Yes," says his host, "a great number of square feet;"—"A very valuable tree," exclaims, again, the gentleman;—"Value about thirty pounds," replies his host;—"Inestimable, Sir! inestimable! it wants a quarter of an hour to dinner, I will walk and see it;"—"You won't be back in time; it is a great way off;"—"Surely a hundred yards is no great distance;"—"Three good miles, Sir, I assure you;"—"Then it must be transplanted;"—"It is indeed," says the timber-merchant, "to the dock-yard of ———;"—"What? how? where?"—"Yes, I sold it;"—"Sold it! heavens! is it possible? &c."

317. *Pleas'd if he sees a well-fed ox pass by.*

I have almost literally translated a passage from Theophrastus περι Αγροικιας :—Και επ' αλλω μεν μητε θαυμαζειν μητε εκπληττεσθαι εν ταις οδοις, οταν δε ιδη βοην, η ονον, η τραγον, εστηκως θεωρειν. I would recommend the perusal of the whole Characteristic to every one who calls himself a Gentleman Farmer: the terms rusticity and urbanity, both with the Greeks and Romans, denoted civilization, and the want of it.

320. *The public weal might his attention share.*

I have heard it reported of gentlemen of fortune and consideration, that they have declared they never turned farming to account, until they attended the markets themselves: by an attention to the practical minutiæ of farming, the mind will gradually become tinged with the sentiments, the language, and the habits of the actual farmer; and we shall descend from liberal, enlarged, and refined views, to low and selfish calculations: we do not want farmers; but we stand much in need of statesmen and senators, legislators and magistrates. I have before alluded to a plan of Sir Nicholas Bacon of a school of senators and statesmen; and surely a seminary of this kind would be highly beneficial to the state; we do not

find it in our Universities, nor in our Courts of Law, nor in our Public Offices; and certainly not in the repositories of horse-dealers, on the coach-box, or at the gaming table. From the general neglect of the education of young men who are likely to have a seat in parliament, from the transmitted inertia of rank and title; we may truly say, that those who are likely to become managers of the great machine of the commonwealth labour themselves under a mechanical disadvantage. A political institution of this kind seems to be loudly called for; it might divert from the futile amusements of youth, or the little dignified pursuits of a more advanced age to studies useful to the state; and instead of the transition which now almost necessarily takes place, in fashionable life, from the "coxcomb to the clown;" with views and talents differently directed, a young man might shine an ornament to his country; and supposing him to live constantly on his estate, the same studies would qualify him for a good magistrate, and would enable him to discuss and regulate the affairs of his neighbourhood, or the interests of the community; and assuredly there are other duties and pleasures sufficient to employ the great landholder who resides on his estate, without lowering his dignity by adopting the appropriate pursuits, or levelling himself to the ideas, of his tenantry.

336. *If Varro taught.*

De Re Rusticâ. The only work remaining of five thousand volumes written by this author.

338. *By virtue, taste, and reason, and De Lisle.*

Author of Jardins and L'Homme de Champs. Those who, with the author of this satire, have given up their time to literature and the embellishment of their own estate, will, from the perusal of these works, not only rise up much wiser but much happier; for these elegant poems, particularly the latter, will make them pleased with themselves and their own pursuits.

> Que j'aime le mortel, noble dans ses penchans,
> Qui cultive a la fois son esprit et ses champs.
>
> L'Homme des Champs.

339. *If Banks expound, who will not pause to hear?*
And who to Davy gives a torpid ear?

Sir Joseph Banks, President of the Royal Society, and author of some interesting agricultural essays: Sir Humphry Davy, author of Agricultural Chemistry; Sir Humphry has a pleasant manner of imparting his knowledge.

344. *Still love the science, but abhor the trade.*

It may be a question, how far a gentleman residing on

his estate may be allowed to farm it; not, I think, beyond the wants of his establishment, and the cultivation of his pleasure grounds. It is necessary to rear and grow where we cannot purchase, which is often the case in remote situations; and it will always be agreeable, and in some degree necessary, for a gentleman to keep his pleasure grounds in his own hands, in order to enable him to new model and embellish, and to insure privacy, and prevent the intrusion of tenants, or of cattle either mischievous or not ornamental; he may do this by plantations, or by deer, colts, sheep, or cows, on appropriate pastures, intermixed with a little arable for the sake of varying the landscape. It will be said that the landlord who has capital, and invests it in his estate, is more likely, by farming himself, to promote the interests of agriculture, than by letting it to a tenant who has none: this I do not conceive to be generally true: it is very improbable that his projects of improvement, however good in theory, will, owing to the obstinacy or iniquity of his agents, and possibly to his own want of inspection, be ever realized: whereas he can always let his estate on an improving lease at a proportionably low rent, under proper obligations and inspections; which is a much more dignified and certain method of having his capital rightly employed: he may thus make it the interest of his tenant to improve

his ground, and advance the progress of agricultural knowledge. The employment of bailiffs is still more detrimental, both to the interests of the community, and that of their employers; this practice has tended to deteriorate the moral character of a body of men who ought to be respectable, namely, our yeomanry, by interfering with their interests and corrupting their manners. It will be seen by those who have read Dr. Adam Smith on this subject, that I have adopted his opinions, with some shades of difference, and under a new point of view (Vol. III. p. 280.) As I have advised that the science and theory of agriculture should be studied by all young men who are likely to live on their own property, so would I, on a small scale, recommend the temporary practice, provided all idea of immediate emolument is precluded, and where a certain loss can be well afforded; and where an attention of this kind need not interfere with more important duties: the loose cultivation of a few acres for three or five years will enable any person to perfect his knowledge on the subject, to gain an information of the value of his own property, to make his home more agreeable, and his excursions from it more interesting. I do not know that I can illustrate this subject better than by giving an account of my own agricultural pursuits for the last three years, my reason

for adopting them, and their results; by this means, besides an experimental illustration of my opinions, I think that I shall afford some hints and cautions which may be useful in guiding or deterring those who may be induced to enter on the same field of employment. Three years ago I purchased an estate, induced by the beauty of the scenery which it displayed, and by its contiguity to some property of my own; my new purchase consisted of about one hundred acres, and afforded in wood, water, and different elevation of ground, and in the various natural produce of the soil, all the materials of landscape gardening. I found the farm-house situated in the centre of the property, on an eminence, commanding a most beautiful prospect: beneath it, in the valley, rose the village church surrounded with groups of cottages with intermediate pasture, orchard, corn-fields, and coppices; in the distance the sea, seemingly land-locked, formed the appearance of a lake; on the left, it was bounded by a chain of high cliffs; on the right, it was gradually shut out by a sloping range of pastures edged with trees, whose summits broke the expanse of the waters; and, in front, an island stretched itself across it; behind the house rose a small ampitheatre of wood and coppice, which exhibited great variety of vegetation, and various perspectives of the sea and surrounding country, and which I have since

converted into a species of wild flower garden; a rivulet washed the boundaries of the property, on one side, flowing at the foot of an oak wood. On taking possession, I found the spring crops on the ground, and paid for them at a fair valuation. As it was my intention to fit up a room in the farm-house, and to plant and new model the estate, and also to select a spot for building,* I could not, agreeable to these plans, let it for a term: I accordingly hired labourers and all the necessary apparatus for getting in my crops; I sold the hay and after-grass of the greatest part of the pasture; my wheat I sold in the stack; my oats I thrashed, and bought some steers to eat the straw, and took in sheep during the winter; I retained sufficient hay for my own consumption, and sold my apples. Notwithstanding the above disadvantageous system of husbandry, for I paid extravagantly for the hire of my farming implements, and was cheated abundantly in my labour, I calculated at the close of the year, that I made about three per cent. of my purchase money: the second year, having settled my plan of building, and

* The deliberation of a twelvemonth is necessary to choose a site for a building; no shorter period will enable us to determine its relative advantages or disadvantages, as affected by the seasons; or its natural capabilities for ornament or convenience in regard to soil, salubrity, or landscape.

proposing to draw my own materials, intending also to turn much of my arable to permanent pasture by means of turnips, I bought all the implements of husbandry; I purchased also sheep and heifers to stock my pastures with, and some brood mares and foals at the sale of a nobleman's stud, and also his stallion: I took also a bailiff and gamekeeper in the same person, an elderly man who was recommended to me as an excellent shot and a good judge of cattle. Upon this plan I have proceeded for the last two years, changing, however, my bailiff at the end of the first, who proved dishonest; and I found that I not only made no profit of my estate, but that the balance was considerably against me: to account for this, I need only observe that my bailiff was more occupied in shooting, than the business of the farm; that of the cattle which he purchased, many of them proved diseased, and died after much expense in farriery; that I lost some colts and brood mares from bad management; also some working horses which my ploughman did not approve; my turnips were sown and my cider made too late; my grass seeds, which I ordered from the seedsman to the Board of Agriculture were sent too late; I was overstocked with horses; I bought at a war price, and sold at a peace. Having given this generally unfortunate result of my agricultural speculations, which, I conceive,

from the same or similar causes, will attend all initiation of gentlemen into farming, I will, on the other hand, state the advantages which accrued to me; the expense attending many of which advantages I include in the outgoings of the estate. Without much trouble or expense I have gained a competent knowledge of agriculture, as also of rural life, the habits and concerns of the lower orders: I also have made much practical acquaintance with the laws of my country, with parochial interests, and those of the community at large: I have improved my estate by draining, manuring, and planting, and turning arable to permanent pasture: * I have finished my building at a smaller expense than I should by any other method of proceeding; I have improved the breed of horses in my neighbourhood, and have succeeded in rearing some fine

* I have laid down some fields to good permanent pasture, both with and without a grain crop; I can give no testimony in favour of the latter practice: I did not, however, sow till September, and in consequence, my clover was in great measure killed by the frost; I harrowed in some fresh seed in the spring, which perfectly succeeded without injury to the growing crop: I used the seeds recommended by Mr Young, in sandy soils, white clover, trefoil, burnet, and ray-grass: all cattle seem averse to burnet, until they have eat the other grasses; they will then consume it; as it grows throughout the winter, it affords a provision for cattle early in the spring.

colts which now grace my pastures. In short, I have made a loose and careless species of farming subservient to building, improvement, and landscape gardening, to philosophy and amusement; and now having discarded all circumstance of husbandry, I retain only as much pasture, wood, and orchard, as suits my pleasure or convenience, and have let the rest to advantage.

345. *The purport of my strain may suit as well*
Or those who oxen or who horses sell.

I know few characters more despicable than that of a gentleman jockey; I cannot be supposed to mean that a gentleman is not to sell a horse, but that he is not to buy and sell for the sake of profit: he may breed for his own use, and sell what he does not want at a fair market; he may buy for his own use, and sell what does not suit him; but I would have even these transactions performed by servants or other agents.

349. *I know that fashion can new-coin a name.*

In the fashionable world, particularly the sporting part of it, chicanery in horse-flesh is not perhaps generally esteemed inconsistent with gentlemanlike conduct. I am happy, however, in the acquaintance of some who rank high both as men of fashion and sportsmen, who are of

a very different opinion; and, indeed, I have been led by observation to believe that delicacy and integrity, in this point, is not only necessary to the character of a man of honour, but is eventually most profitable and politic; as a known scrupulous adherence to truth in the description of any commodity will always insure a ready purchaser; and, I believe, that I am correct in asserting, that nothing very much short of absolute fraud will insure success to any one, who does not make it a trade, in horse-dealing; any slight deviation from sincerity or fair dealing will be rather disadvantageous to him; he must descend to the knaveries, or participate in the gains, of the professed horse-dealer; and sometimes, I fear, *regibus hic mos est.*

354. *Who can turn pimp or patriot when he please.*

Those mistaken politicians, whether they term themselves Whigs * or Patriots, who would entirely new model,

* Those who call themselves Whigs, the great majority of those, at least, who have opposed ministers since the beginning of the French Revolution, seem to me to have little resemblance to the original political sect of that name, but rather to have approached in principle to the very worst of Tories, namely, those of the reign of Queen Anne, who advocated the cause of the overwhelming ambition of France. Professing themselves the assertors of civil and religious liberty, they would have humbled themselves to a Revolutionary Despotism: they have uniformly *despaired of*

or totally subvert, our present system of parliamentary representation; in other words, which I firmly believe would be the result of success in either attempt, those who would change our present constitution into a republic or democracy, adopt principles equally hostile to the development of those finer feelings of our nature, which grace humanity, and are the cheap defence of nations; and these principles, if carried into effect, would not only ultimately destroy that high and liberal spirit which strengthens and ennobles us as a nation, but would deduct largely from the sum of public happiness, by deadening into one surly tint of gloom all those lights and shades which so harmoniously and beautifully chequer the scenery of our social existence; and by doing away those mutual dependencies, that reciprocation of good offices, that exchange of homage and benevolence, of the charities and courtesies of life, of its fancied or real goods, by which each is benefited, and the common stock increased.

their country, and proffered unhallowed adulation to its most determined enemies, and those the most flagitious and contemptible characters which ever disgraced humanity The truth of these charges has been acknowledged by many who have seen and repented their political errors: the Patriot of the present day is, generally speaking, an adherer to the self-defeated cause of Jacobinism.

368. *Because her town-house bears a better rent.*

There are many obvious motives which may induce a gentleman of small fortune to let his house; I mean only to stigmatize the too prevalent custom of making a traffic of our household goods, a custom which would have raised a blush upon the cheek of our forefathers, and which appears to me to derogate from the dignity of birth, fortune, and high estate; this species of traffic prevails in proportion as a nation declines in civilization, or increases in commercial habits and relations. It is somewhat remarkable that Juvenal, in satirizing the rich upstart of his day, who descended to sordid traffics, should, in the following words, nearly include the business of a modern upholsterer:

Queis facilè est ædem conducere——
——portandum ad busta cadaver.

381. *In Charles's days, if Copley paint aright.*

A picture of Charles the First addressing the House of Commons, by Mr. Copley; the members are drawn in full and varied dresses: if, at present, members came to the House of Commons in full dress, the interference of the Speaker in debates would not be so often necessary.

390. *Our father's wardrobes to adorn the stage.*

——sibi millia quinque
Esse domi chlamydum, partem vel sumeret omnes.
HORAT. SAT.

397. *Though oft, 'tis said, descending curls between,*
Foul language has been heard, foul linen seen.

I would strenuously advise a young barrister not to attempt wit in his pleadings unless he is conscious of possessing the due qualifications: a liberal mind, a refined taste, a quick perception and combination, are among the most necessary. What melancholy instances do we witness of these attempts degenerating into vulgarity and buffoonery, or producing only a ridiculous pedantry. I think that other sage counsel might be given to our young students of the law: I have observed with sorrow and dismay that, for the last twenty years, our Inns of Court have, with many bright exceptions, been the nurseries of treason, and the hot-beds of sedition. It is somewhat singular that law, which is the cradle of true liberty, should produce the unruly monster worshipped in its very temple: much may be excused to the effervescence of youthful blood, and much to the transforming power of the imagination and misconstruction of those authors who have written soundly on political liberty; or a blind

adherence to others who have published specious, though false descriptions of it. I have observed, however, that our lawyer as he grows older becomes wiser, particularly if he acquires wealth and professional honours; from a noisy demagogue he becomes a supporter of a temperate government; from a boiling patriot, he is sometimes transformed into a quiet and useful placeman; and is not only himself a good citizen, but also the strenuous advocate of public virtue.

405. *Shame with the voice of reason and of truth*
The shallow sophistry of headlong youth.

To illustrate my allusion here, I need only refer my reader to various speeches of Lords Kenyon, Eldon, and Ellenborough, made both in their judicial and legislative capacities, in the Courts of Westminster and in the House of Peers; and I cannot avoid thinking that the present glorious result (1815), which has a second time delivered Europe from a detestable faction, is much owing to the steady wisdom and unwearied perseverance of our principal magistrates in cherishing public virtue, and supporting the constitution of our country by enforcing its laws and observances.

416. *At Taste's pure fane, and Learning's fount refined.*

The advantages of a classical education to a physician are too obvious to be here insisted on; a very primary one, I consider to be, in the present day, that of supporting the dignity of the profession.

420. *With knowledge never sought beyond the file.*

The mere empiric will always be at fault when "the file affords no precedent;" but the man of education will have immediate recourse to his rules and to his reading. To persons of weak or uncultivated understandings, I have always found it a fruitless endeavour to inculcate the advantages of a regular education in the practitioner of medicine; this, indeed, is a task almost as difficult as it would be to impress a savage with the idea of the uses of many of the productions of civilized life: it requires some experience in professional and other business, duly to estimate the very great advantages of an understanding regulated by science and philosophy, and an acquired habit of right reasoning. A regular education, logical, mathematical, classical, affords to us the ready grasp of method, the discarding of extraneous circumstance, the short hand of investigation, the quick result of experience, the perfect digest of collected knowledge, the

concentrated flash of intellect, the shortest and the surest road to truth.

426. *Ingenuous youth disclaim all kindred there.*

In the choice of the three liberal professions, there are many circumstances likely to deter a young man from that of medicine; but if, independent of those revolting circumstances, inherent in its study and practice, much subject of moral disgust is offered to a delicate and refined mind, it is not to be wondered at that young men of liberal birth and education, and who must necessarily be possessed of a certain independence, should choose another field for the exercise of their talents: frequent instances also occur of those to whom the study of the medical science, and its occasional and attendant exercise, afforded much rational and humane delight; who yet, when called to professional practice, have started back disgusted and dismayed by finding the stage, which they were about to enter upon, occupied by empirics and men of no education; and by finding, on inquiry, the means of acquiring celebrity repugnant to all their cherished ideas of delicacy and honour.

431. *If honour e'er be banish'd from the breast,*
The voice of honesty is soon suppress'd.

These terms have a much nearer connexion than is generally supposed; I conceive them, indeed, to be almost literally and morally synonymous: hence in those religious persuasions from whose nomenclature the first term is actually discarded, the latter too often remains a dead letter.

433. *Stript of decorum, probity, and shame,*
Religion is a covering or a name.

I will refer the reader to Mr. Burke's Letter on the French Revolution, for an eloquent illustration of the necessity of dignity in our religious establishments.

The Roman Catholic religion certainly displays a sufficient portion of this, but so mixed with frivolity and superstition, as to be favourable to the production of moral imbecility; every species of puritanism encourages deceit, as does enthusiasm crime.

Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclin'd,
* * * * * * *
Is he a churchman? then he's fond of power;
A quaker? sly; a presbyterian? sower. POPE.

478. *Or smoke on Ohio's bank the reed of peace.*

A river in North America. A person who utters all that he thinks is no better than a savage: I must confess that I always feel a slight tremor creeping over me when I am introduced to what is called a natural character; the patrons of savage life have, upon experience, uniformly found themselves disappointed.

481. *She who e'er speaks to Nature's promptings true,*
What Nature dictates oftentimes will do.

I think that I can trace to this cause, in some degree, some recent instances of conjugal infidelity in high life. It is lamentable to observe how nearly the extremes of high and low life meet and resemble one another in the deficiency of the moral restraint; and this is still more likely to happen when young women are kept out of the sphere of maternal jurisdiction, or retained too long in the nursery; a neglect of the cultivation of their minds, and a familiarity with their maid-servants, and a consequent want of delicacy and refinement, prepares the way for the inroad of actual vice. It is a principal, if not an indispensable feature of the moral restraint to enforce the general rules of polite and refined conversation, of a constant regard to delicacy, and a check upon the utterance of every spontaneous emotion and reflection as

it arises. I much fear that those young ladies who, in what is called natural simplicity, always say what comes uppermost, are likely to act in the same natural manner; and let not any young woman suppose that there is any hardship attending the moral restraint; on the contrary, I believe that it leads to as much happiness as is consistent with our natures, and that it guards those who are under its influence from a number of inquietudes as well as misfortunes: independent of the dignity it gives, and superiority over the lower orders, it multiplies, by the cultivation of the more refined pursuits and affections, a series of very exquisite enjoyments perfectly unknown to the vulgar.

531. *Where drowsy politics and wakeful play*
Divide the night, and mutilate the day.

Et partem solido demere de die.

Gaming has no excuse for this; drinking might possibly, in the society of Horace, or such as Horace.

533. ——*Alfred's, now unletter'd, race.*

This was at first a literary society, but at present, although the institution is still a rational one, few literary characters have sufficient interest to secure an admission without an irksome canvass.

549. *Woe to the time, whenever it ensue,*
Accomplish'd woman meets not honour due.

This period has arrived long since in France, where the national character of politeness and attention to the softer sex is totally lost; this is one of the features of a state of actual barbarism effected by the revolution; and we may easily perceive in our own country, although in a much less degree, the progress of a similar evil, which has a tendency not only to degrade a nation on the scale of civilization, but to deteriorate the female character itself; as, in the same measure as female excellence is depreciated, the motives to its attainment will be diminished.

553. *When trembling start at the uncover'd star,*
Nymphs of the cot, or maidens of the bar.

The discovery of high rank after marriage, to a maiden of low degree, has happened in some well-known instances.

556. *Mar it our manners;—still it mends our breed.*

Many obvious examples of this will occur to us in observing the progeny of such alliances, and indeed the debilitating effects of the hereditary and transmitted inertia of rank, wealth, and luxury, can only be cor-

rected by this or similar means, in addition to that of an elective nobility. There is, perhaps, too much constraint and formality in our present system of female education; the moral, as well as the natural line, is too much stiffened by the aid of the governess, the milliner, and the dancing master; the intellect is confined within the limited routine of customary exercises; the faculties are not sufficiently developed; the genius is often denied its natural and free play; the body also is studiously warped from that rotundity of action and playfulness of motion which constitute natural and artificial grace; and a young woman, trained in the usual mode, often enters into life a lovely automaton: sedentary and listless habits, a too strictly enforced attention to the attainment of what are called accomplishments, relieved only by the vapid and regulated promenade, tend to weaken the constitution, diminish the bloom of youth, and deny to the form its full and harmonic proportions; it is not therefore to be wondered at that our youth of fastidious taste, *elegantes formarum spectatores*, should look beneath their own sphere in life, and fix their regards where nature is less interfered with in the completion of her loveliest work. As far as personal beauty is concerned, the habits and dress of the lower orders is most likely to set forth the female figure to advantage, and render it more sapid and

piquant in the eye of the amatory epicure; and these advantages can be only counterpoised in the eyes of young men of well-regulated understandings, by the superior ones of delicacy, sense, modesty, and refinement, which education alone can give. I am not advocating any deviation from the moral restraint, nor forming any excuse for the degenerate taste in high life, which my satire adverts to; but mean only to propose an inquiry, how far a little sprinkling of freedom and vivacity in our education of young women might tend to increase their attractions in the eyes of the other sex, without in any ways diminishing their more solid and essential accomplishments; but this, perhaps, is too delicate a ground to tread on in a short note.

565. *Peace comes with Honour crown'd; amidst her train,*
See all the liberal virtues bloom again.

An amelioration of the moral state of a people is the necessary, though gradually resulting consequence of a peace.

Jam Fides et Pax et Honor Pudorque,
Priscus et neglecta redire Virtus
Audet. HORAT. EPOD.

And again,

—— et vacuum duelli
Janum Quirini clausit et ordinem

Rectum, evaganti frena licentiæ
Injecit, amovitque culpas
Et veteres revocavit artes. HORAT. OD.

569. *The sacred majesty of Truth revere,*
She bears no dalliance; seem and be sincere.

Notwithstanding what Lord Chesterfield may say on this subject, whom I always looked upon as a dull reader of the human heart, and a pedantic coxcomb, dissimulation will always be illiberal, and generally unsuccessful; the politeness of the heart will outweigh his whole code of good breeding.

573. *This, this has worn away the props of fame,*
The reverence of truth, and fear of shame.

"You are in debt, and run in further; if you are not a liar yet, you will become one." ITALIAN PROVERB.

577. *The money dealing test we surest find,*
By which to try the low or liberal mind.

A revered friend and relative, now no more, used to say, that he never knew a man thoroughly until he had a money transaction with him.

595. *At rout and ball, tis half a custom grown.*

I recollect that this custom being hinted to a young

Danish gentleman who had lost his hat at an assembly, he replied—" We do not do so in Denmark."

606. *True we have seen a shake, a touch, a tune,*
Lead the flower'd way to C—rlt—n's gay saloon.

A superior skill in music and singing will at present be an introduction to a young man into the first ranks of society; but if he is not otherwise entitled to this elevation by rank or fortune, it will be difficult for him to preserve a dignified place in the fashionable circle; it will require much sense and spirit to enable him to steer his course properly, so as not to neglect the opportunities which his talents give him of cultivating useful and agreeable connexions; at the same time, to avoid being classed, in any degree, with the mercenary performer.

611. *And Sardus never must re-enter more.*

——Sardus habebat
Ille Tigellius hoc; Cæsar qui——.
HORAT. SAT.

615. ——*Roscius seldom is refined.*

In the present day a green-room society cannot be recommended to a young man; it appears to me an incontrovertible truth, grounded on reason and experience,

that a liberal education is absolutely necessary to form a good actor or actress; from a deficiency of this it arises, that although we occasionally witness much capability of good acting, yet we meet with rare approaches to any degree of perfection in the art; and from this cause it also proceeds that the public are so constantly insulted by the abominable trash offered to it, under the name of Plays. I deny any general deficiency of public taste, which might duly estimate, or of genius which might produce, good dramatic compositions; the deficiency remains totally with those who have the management of the theatres; the *elegantiarum arbitri* are incompetent to, or negligent of, their duty. It may be said that the present age is fond of the spectacle, of the *oculis subjecta;* so were the Romans in the Augustan age; the Roman audience, however, were not deficient in purity of taste, and were alive to all the simple touches of nature, and all the radiations of wit and humour.

637. *Have lived respected in a small estate.*

——tunicam mihi malo lupinæ
Quam si me laudet toto vicinia pago,
Exigui ruris paucissima farra secantem.

JUV. SAT.

This abhorrence of a small property is a very general sentiment in all luxurious and corrupt ages; yet those who

visited Pope at Twickenham, or Voltaire at Ferney, never I conceive, inquired how many acres those poets were possessed of; I believe that it has occurred to many people of general experience in life, as it often has to myself, of meeting "large acred men," who have sorely lamented a deficiency of an early education suitable to their fortunes; and who would willingly have dispossessed themselves of half their estate in order to obtain the means of properly enjoying the rest.

727. *And yield one poet to redeem the age.*

If we adopt the signification given to the title of Poet by the most approved masters of the art of criticism, such as Horace, Longinus, Pope, Addison, Johnson, Roscommon, Lansdowne, Boileau, &c.; we can scarcely, I think, with propriety, confer it on any existing votary of the Muses. The two following definitions of the first-mentioned critic, taken together, appear to me sufficiently luminous and comprehensive to constitute a test and standard of the poetical character:

> Ingenium cui sit, cui mens divinior, atque os
> *Magna* sonaturum, des nominis hujus honorem.

And again, in another place,

> Ille per extentum funem mihi posse videtur
> Ire poeta, meum qui pectus inanitur angit,
> Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
> Ut magus.

His subject matter, his sentiments, and his diction, must be sufficiently high, dignified, beautiful, and interesting, so as to elevate the mind, to obtain an apparently supernatural influence over the imagination, and to awaken all the passions and affections of the soul: we shall find a similar conception * of the poetical character to have been entertained by all the other celebrated names which I have mentioned; and if there is any truth in this general outline of what belongs to a poet, we must of necessity withhold the honour of the appellation from those whose compositions possess no inherent dignity, which awake no genuine emotion of the heart, and which do not embrace and delineate the more perfect and exalted operations of Nature and Art; and which are wanting in harmony, propriety, and elevation of diction. Many of the above requisitions may be found, it is true, in ballads, in songs, and even in romances; but the whole of them can only be comprised in the superior productions of the imagination in epic, lyric, and dramatic compositions, and the different modifications of them. The present age has often appeared to me to be the Post-Augustan age of poetry; in the works of the minor Latin poets, during the decline and fall of the Roman empire, we

* All the attributes of the poetical character are beautifully enumerated and described by Dr. Johnson in his Rasselas.

perceive tinsel and conceit taking place of genuine pathos, novelty preferred to natural delineation, elaborate and curious workmanship more attempted than simple and forceful expression; the taste of the present day seems to be equally perverted; the standard works of poetical excellence are neglected for Ballads, Songs, and Romances; and even if any encouragement is given to the higher efforts of the imagination, it is necessary, in order to please a vitiated or obtuse palate, that they be highly seasoned with meretricious ornament and far-sought excitement; the summit of our modern Parnassus is gained by bye-roads and perplexed meanderings: variety and intricacy are more studied than sublime and pathetic effect; instead of that open, perspicuous, and harmonious style, which characterizes all works of true genius: our modern disciple of the Muses shadows his meaning in mysterious involutions of thought, in obsolete affectations, or enigmatic inversions of language. Instead, also, of seeking his images in the open field of nature, or drawing them from the chaste, perfected, and approved models of Art; our modern candidate for poetical fame appears to have mistaken the infancy of science for its maturity, and descends to all the deterior productions of Art, to the crude and barbarous growths and rough draughts of Nature, to all monstrous and ridiculous combinations. Our best

and most approved poets, on the foundation of sacred and profane history, have reached an excellence in vain attempted by those who penetrate into the recesses of Hindoo mythology, or evolve and explicate the mouldering records of superstition or barbarism, in order to conjure up to our astonished view a succession of amiable monsters, pleasing spectres, refined robbers, sentimental Brahmins, and agreeable Goths. Our ancient poets have overcome difficulties which our moderns do not labour under; it is difficult to paint nature in its more perfected state, but not so to sketch its crude aberrations; it requires the hand of an adept to draw a man, but any novice can produce a monster; and it may be easily perceived how, under the affectation of an obsolete or new-fangled style of poetry, defects may be concealed and difficulties obviated. Upon these grounds, if I do not altogether exclude any modern claimant from the Temple of Fame, I can allow him but an inferior place in it; and I am inclined to ascribe the degeneracy of these productions in all cases, either to a want of industry, or a want of poetical ability, favoured and encouraged by the perverted taste of the age. In the generality of the productions of the present day, not only are the most established canons of criticism openly violated, not only the dictates and results of experience placed to no account, but laws are studiously trans-

gressed, and errors carefully imitated; and if the following excellent advice of the poet has ever been read, it has been totally disregarded:

> On sure foundations let your fabric rise,
> And with attractive majesty surprise;
> Not by affected meretricious arts,
> But strict harmonious symmetry of parts;
> The privilege which ancient poets claim,
> Now turn'd to licence by too just a name,
> Belongs to none but an establish'd fame;
> *Absurd expressions, crude abortive thoughts,*
> And *the lewd legion of exploded faults,*
> Base fugitives to that asylum fly,
> And sacred laws with insolence defy. ROSCOMMON.

I do not believe that the allusions in my text can well be mistaken; but as all general censure must be in some degree vague, I will proceed to apply the above criticism to particular modern metrical compositions; premising that my only motive in this philippic is a wish to support the laws of good poetry, and a just indignation against those who commit any breach of them, and against those who suffer or applaud any such delinquency. We will begin with Mr. Walter Scott; the public is much indebted to this gentleman for his beautiful descriptions of Nature in her wilder moods, of picturesque scenery, connected with ancient story, and the remains of ancient grandeur; and indeed some of his delineations of natural scenery,

independent of any adventitious aid, are true, glowing, and pathetic; but Mr. Scott, whilst he pleases the fancy, and sometimes animates the heart and awakens the affections, very seldom either elevates the mind, or satisfies the judgment; his compositions, from the frivolity of their subject matter, from their want of unity, connexion, and consistency, can very seldom bear, except in parts and patches, a second perusal: whilst I feel grateful to Mr. Scott for rescuing from the injuries of time some of discarded ornaments, for new working and adapting some of the neglected drapery of the Muses; and whilst, upon the whole, I think his style not deficient in perspicuity, yet I consider him to affect too much the obsolete and the intricate; he is too fond, with other modern poets,* of what may be called the induction of particulars, or analytical method, the minute unravellings of cause and effect, which is contrary to the very nature and essence of good poetry, it being altogether selective and abstractive.† Whether Mr. Scott is able to compose a

* They may, however, impress into their service some of the most faulty criticisms, and worst poetry, of Dryden.

† "The business of a poet," says Imlac, "is to examine, not the individual, but the species; to remark general properties and large appearances; he does not number the streaks of the tulip, or describe the different shades of the verdure of the forest; he

legitimate poem, I will not pretend to determine; but I cannot class under that appellation any of his present publications.

is to exhibit in his portraits of Nature such prominent and striking features as recall the original to every mind, and must neglect the minuter discriminations which one may have remarked and another neglected, for those characteristics which are alike obvious to vigilance and carelessness." JOHNSON, RASSELAS.

Aristotle is of the same opinion. POETIC. SECT. 9.

In opposition to this opinion, the biographer of Burns gives us a very arbitrary dogma, which appears to me to be equally false as it is presumptuous; "generalization is the vice of poets whose learning overpowers their genius, of poets of a refined and scientific age." This sweeping censure is suggested by the following passage from one of the songs of Burns, when he met his

Lassie braw and tight
Come wading barefoot a her lane.
My heart grew light, I ran, I flang
My arms about her lily neck,
And press'd and clasp'd her there fu' lang
My words they were not mony feck.

This is pretty and appropriate; but I need only observe that Burns has his higher flights where he concentrates, where he embodies, where he selects. The principal figures indeed of poetry, such as metaphors, personifications, &c. are general and abstractive: particularization may certainly be admitted into the higher departments of poetry with good effect; it occasionally assists the pathetic, and is appropriate to the calm historical and

Lord Byron has shown some appearance of genuine poetical talent in the province of legitimate satire; we recognise this in a poem entitled, English Bards and Scotch Reviewers: in this, however, and some subsequent satirical pieces which I have seen, there are many inaccuracies, much confusion of metaphor, much crude and abortive conception, many vulgarisms and barbarisms: seduced either by indolence or the spirit of the age, Lord B. quickly plunged into the regions of chimera and hyperbole, and has given to us a series of wild effusions conveying mock pathos in uncouth language: amidst, however, a mass of fictitious feelings and unnatural * combinations, now and then we find displayed some

descriptive parts, when relieved by similes and other figures; such is the following passage of Shakspeare, when Iachimo is taking an inventory of the marks of the person of Imogen:

On her left breast
A mole cinque spotted, like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip. CYMBELINE.

* There is a grotesque and monstrous imagery which is legitimate in poetry; but this is only an ornamental and adjunctive, not a principal and integral part of the structure of the poem: it is the tracery and fret-work of the architrave, not the main support of the building; it is addressed to the imagination alone, not to the heart. Instances of this may be met with in Shakspeare; and Fuseli has embodied the wild creations of the poet by correspondent efforts of the graphic art.

chaste sentiment and elegant description, and which can ouly emanate from true taste and genius; such are the stanzas in his Childe Harold, ending "this, this is solitude," and some of his descriptions of Greece; his Ode to Buonaparte and to the French Nation displays many of the *disjecta poetæ membra*. The objections which I have above applied to Mr. Scott are strongly applicable to Lord B.'s style and language: he equally abounds in trivial analysis and weak amplification, bordering on technical minutiæ and tautology; and sinking into downright prose; I much doubt our receiving any specimens of legitimate poetry from the pen of Lord Byron, however qualified his talents might have been for such productions:* let it not be supposed for a moment that I would reject all innovation in our poetical system; on the contrary, I think that much might be admitted; but whilst human nature remains as it is, the general rules of poetry, already laid down, which have their foundation in Nature and Truth, must remain paramount and sacred, and cannot be outraged with impunity: nor do I think that our poetical language has by any means attained perfection; I would not only allow, but enjoin every good poet to coin new words, and sparingly to alter others

* I am told that Lord Byron has published a tragedy—*fiat judicium.*

already in use, and to endeavour to reclaim some obsolete terms and idioms; * this I conceive not only to be his privilege but his bounden duty, in order to give a greater copiousness and richness to our poetical language: time and opinion will either sanction or discredit his temerity. Let us proceed to Mr. Southey; his Curse of Kehama, considered as a bagatelle, or a relaxation from more serious poetical labours, notwithstanding its strange and extravagant texture, may be perused with much complacency, if not with applause, as it displays some luxuriant imagery † and some novel combinations; it is said also to be illustrative of Asiatic manners and mythology. Since the publication of that poem I have been directed to the perusal of another offspring of his Muse, by some whose judgment in other respects I might depend on, who consider it as his *chef d'œuvre*, and really a work of merit; I mean, Roderic the last of the Goths; I accordingly attempted its perusal, and after many intervals of

* Let him seek them in Spenser and in Shakspeare, but avoid what are called the old plays.

† In the adoption of Asiatic imagery Mr. Southey has been imitated, and, I think, excelled by Mr. Moore, in a similar poetical trifle called Lalla Rookh; on these trifles Mr. Moore has thrown away some good poetry and pathos, mixed with much bad metre, tinsel, and mock heroic.

disgust and indignation, poetical indignation, I have almost succeeded in my attempts; I cannot consider it otherwise, as a metrical composition, than a laboured outrage against poetry and common sense; and no one, I believe, can feel interested in it as a fable, who cannot digest a bad novel; except, perhaps, some modern epicure in devotion, who may be pleased with the novelty of a religious harlequinade. It appears to me to consist of a contexture of drowsy dawdling, half metrical prose, and that bad prose, with a sprinkling of some good common-place, descriptive poetry. Mr. S. has the hardihood to attempt to affiliate some prosaic terms which never were and never can be admitted into poetry; and to coin others for poetry which the meanest prose would reject; the baldness,* the supineness, the creeping inanity of his style, can be only equalled by the uncomfortable spinning out of his sleepy story; he has moreover imitated all the faults of Milton, and reached none of his beauties. Mr. Southey, I conceive, being aware of the meretricious exuberances of his own and other modern styles, has, in this instance,

* I doubt whether there are five commonly called good lines in all Lord Byron's or Mr. Southey's poetry; that is, lines which, by their harmony, nerve, pathos, and beauty, are immediately acknowledged as the genuine ore, and exquisite workmanship, of inspiration, taste, and genius; such are met with on every page of Pope, Milton, Shakspeare, &c.

affected simplicity; but he should consider that simplicity and bareness and jejunity are very different; the one will always delight, the other makes us yawn; simple pathos *, is the most difficult figure in poetry; Longinus advises it; Homer, Milton, and Shakspeare, have each reached it, sometimes, indeed, by the commonest expressions of feeling; at other times, the same effect is produced by the most exquisitely worked imagery; † but Mr. S. has neither attained simplicity nor pathos; all his attempts

* This Greek term seems to me more expressive than any in our language of the art of moving the passions and affections in poetry—our moderns are little acquainted with this art; but are well versed in the bathos, or art of sinking in poetry.

SEE MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS.

† Both these modes appear in Shakspeare's description of concealed love:

She never told her love;
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek.

Of the former mode many instances may be produced; such is the heart-appealing reply of Macduff:

He has no children.

And of Cordelia, when Lear says,

Or I should think
Thou wert my child, Cordelia.
Cordelia. I am, I am.

Homer exhibits numerous examples, the following has always forcibly struck me:

either swell into bombast, or dwindle into affectation and common-place. Mr. Wordsworth must by this time be tired of, if not callous to, all critical remonstrances; but I must also repeat to him that prose and poetry are essentially different, and calculated to embrace and illustrate different departments of life and nature, and different modes of feeling and action; nor can they be intermingled and jumbled together at discretion; a detail of the incidents of common life, with their concomitant reflections, belong to the province of the former; of such a nature is a diary or journal. Now let me submit to Mr. W. whether those incidents of common life, which he has clothed in a sort of poetical dress, might not, with their attendant reflections appear to much greater advantage in plain prose; we may, certainly, from trivial and common ob-

Ου γαρ μοι θινσκων λεχεων εκ χειρας ορεξας,
Ουδε τι μοι ειπες πυκινον επος.

Let us search for one in Mr. Southey:

——*Having said,*
In the *same posture*—motionless he knelt,
Arms straighten'd down, and *hands outspread,* and eyes
Rais'd to the monk. RODERIC.

There they lie,
Child, husband, parent—Adosinda's all,
I would not break the earth with these poor hands,
Nor other tomb provide;—*but let that pass.* RODERIC.

jects and occurrences draw many useful morals, and we may also deduce from them many beautiful reflections capable of exalting the sentiment and ameliorating the heart; we may find

"Books in the living brook,
"Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

But I think that I have seen all this well executed in the compass of a common sentimental journal in prose, with perhaps a few occasional and appropriate invocations of the Muse.* Both Mr. Southey and Mr. Wordsworth have shown that they can write legitimate poetry; but they have both miserably failed in attempting improvement and innovation; in the same manner as Mr. Betty could, and Mr. Kean can, perform common characters in the drama, with correctness, facility, and good elocution; but they have both failed in difficult and heroic charac-

* There may be poets of common life; such are Cowper and Crabbe, and such must be all satirists; but when successful, their sentiments and language have always conformed to the poetical code; both Cowper and Juvenal have reached very noble poetical flights; a little playful affectation of modesty in Horace has been misconstrued into an authority which our moderns, I fear, are eager to catch hold of, when he characterizes his satires as Sermoni propriora.

"In creeping numbers near allied to prose."

The structure of Horace's satires, except in a few instances, are strictly poetical.

ters; and all their attempts at improvement and innovation have degenerated into rant, buffoonery, grimace, and caricature. Mr. Campbell has generally escaped the censure which has been thrown on cotemporary writers; but his style appears to me to be far from chaste and correct; it abounds in laboured obscurities, inversions, and involutions; and, if Dr. Johnson thought Collins's beautifully-wrought imagery and classic allusion sometimes too involved and remote; if a slight clouding and partial sprinkling of affectation rendered him blind to the merit of those compositions, which, methinks, Apollo himself might have absolved and registered; those golden obscurities, those enchanting mysteries, those lovely half-lights, that transparent haze which softens but does not conceal the fantastic grandeur of his Muse, and which alone the master-hand and conscious spirit of a genuine poet would have dared to attempt; if, I say, Dr. Johnson could apply to these the following criticism, what would he have said of Mr. Campbell? "His diction was often harsh, unskilfully laboured, and injudiciously selected; he affected the obsolete when it was not worthy of revival, and he put his words out of the common order; seeming to think, with some *later candidates for fame*, that *not to write prose* is certainly *to write poetry*." Mr. Campbell's strains are generally splendid, rich, and har-

monious, but they seldom touch more than the ear; their corruscations are cold, their fires ineffectual; these faults are more particularly conspicuous in his Gertrude of Wyoming; the subject of which bears the common stamp of the day, of barbarism, and frivolity: in his "Pleasures of Hope," * he is sometimes chaste and perspicuous; but even in this elegant poem we find much beautiful poetical texture totally without sentiment or effect; much harmonious versification which scarcely conveys a meaning. We are not entirely without those who have displayed some genuine taste and genius in the higher departments of poetry; the Muse of Miss Johanna Baillie breathes the true spirit of tragedy, and has unlocked some of the hidden springs of the soul; but her models were wrong ones: instead of the taste, perspicuity, the simple pathos and chastised fancy of Shakspeare, she has imitated too often the language and sentiments of some of the more obscure old tragedians; † Mr. Gifford

* This poem appears to acknowledge, as its prototype, that elegant work of Mr. Rogers, "The Pleasures of Memory;" we must lament that in some subsequent productions this gentleman has followed vitious examples: we would repeat again and again to him the observation of the immortal critic:

Decipit exemplar vitiis imitabile. HORAT. ART. POET.

† I confine this censure to her style only; her Muse is always moral, neither does it overstep the modesty of nature. Why

has made some good flights in legitimate satire, I hope, prelusive ones; *mox in reluctantes dracones.* I cannot admire his translation of Juvenal, although I know no better. I believe that in early youth the principles of taste are seldom rightly apprehended; we are apt at first to prefer tinsel,* glitter, and conceit, to natural and

were not some of the old plays, such, for instance, as those of Ford, newly edited, allowed to sleep in merited oblivion? Why bring forward such effusions of blasphemy, depravity, and corrupt taste? There is in human nature a possibility of depraved passion which ought to be concealed from the thought, much more from the eye; it should be the *dictum infandum,* the ominous proscription of ancient superstition; it is a gross error to say that there were models of these infamous compositions in the ancient tragedians; it is true that incestuous connexions sometimes formed the groundwork of their tragedies, but the incestuous passion was never dwelt on, never painted luxuriously to the sense; the fact was merely admitted, commented on with horror, and a whole train of consequent misfortunes depicted; the naked expositions of the ancient Muse were those of uncivilized nature; those of the more modern, the uncoverings of prostitution; and yet there are critics of the present day, who heap extravagant encomiums on these monstrous productions (for there is neither nature nor good writing in them): one critic, I think (I wish that I could mistrust my recollection), has likened them to Holy Writ, and another has pronounced them superior to Shakspeare.

* When Dr. Darwyn's Loves of the Plants first appeared, I heard many young men extol it above Pope and Milton; I cannot,

modest expression; and too often, in the effervescence of juvenile blood, idleness is mistaken for inspiration, and a crude, unlaboured, and indigested train of ideas for the spontaneous emanations of fancy and genius; but as we arrive at a discreeter age, the clouds of error are gradually dissipated, the eye of taste becomes more clear and discriminative, and its principles and tests more accurately defined and readily applied; there are many young men, as well as young women, who will prefer the Roderic of Mr. Southey, to the Paradise Lost of Milton; the Fazio of Mr. Milman, to the Othello of Shakspeare; the Ri-

however, join in the general censure of Dr. D. as "a purloiner of the native wealth of the Muses;" indeed, I think, on the contrary, that he has added to it: his poetry is always rich and melodious, and sometimes chaste and energetic; but generally too much encumbered with meretricious ornament. As his subjects, however, had very little inherent poetical interest in them, it was necessary to attire them in an artificial dress, rich and rare; to pangle them with the most gaudy brilliants of the imagination, to relieve the dark ground of philosophy by a curious inlay of the choicest flowers of fancy. Darwin's poetry, in general, is addressed to the fancy and imagination only, and but seldom appeals to the heart; but when it does, the appeal is modest and successful, pathetic, and sometimes sublime: he followed Pope as a model; the Roscicrusian imagery of sylphs and gnomes was well adapted to the Rape of the Lock and the Loves of the Plants: but would have been little consonant with the Elegy on an Unfortunate Young Lady, or the Effusions of Eloisa.

mini of Mr. Leigh Hunt, to the Orlando of Ariosto; and the Corsair of Lord Byron, to the Iliad of Homer. At some future period, of more matured judgment, they will probably feel ashamed of the decisions of their earlier years; the confirmed bad taste of a riper age is, I fear, generally incorrigible. To all admirers of modern poetry, I would address the converse of the following advice of Sir Joshua Reynolds, as alluded to by Mr. Burke in his Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs; the advice is this, "that, if we should find ourselves disposed not to admire those writers or artists, Livy or Virgil, for instance, Raphael or Michael Angelo, whom all the learned have admired, not to follow our own fancies, but to study them till we know how and what we ought to admire; and if we cannot arrive at this combination of admiration with knowledge, rather to believe that we are dull, than that the rest of the world has been imposed on." Now I would recommend, that if we feel ourselves inclined to admire the compositions of Lord Byron, Mr. Southey, &c. whom no man of taste and learning can more than partially approve, not to follow our own fancies, but to study their trespasses against every rule of sound criticism, as exemplified in the most esteemed writers, and by this means to know what we ought to disapprove; and if we cannot arrive at this combination of knowledge and disapproba-

tion, rather to believe ourselves deficient in poetical taste, than that all approved models of good writing are defective, and of no estimation.

731. *Apollo roams again a rural clown,*

The only one who, in our own times, has, in the lower lyric, breathed the genuine spirit of poetry, and the very soul of inspiration, was a ploughman—Robert Burns.

744. *Than woo some prosing patriot for his vote.*

No personal solicitation ought to be required of a candidate for a seat in parliament; in the present system of canvassing in a contested election, a violent species of moral degradation is submitted to, which is but ill-calculated for a preparatory exercise to the sacred and dignified function of a senator: nothing can and ought to be required of a gentleman placed in this situation, more than a general avowal of his principles from the hustings, and a promise of faithfully executing the important trust reposed in him.

759. *Which laid in dust the mean usurper low.*

When I began this satire, Bonaparte was on his march to Moscow; before I concluded it he was a prisoner in

St. Helena; high and generous principle urged Great Britain to a line of conduct which has saved Europe and herself. Any Frenchman, a true friend to his country, might have denounced Bonaparte in the words of Hanno: "Hunc tanquam furiam facemque hujus belli odi ac detestor; nec dedendum solum id piaculum rupti fœderis, sed, si nemo deposcat, devehendum in ultimas maris terrarumque oras, ablegandumque eò unde nec ad nos nomen famaque ejus accedere, neque sollicitare quietæ civitatis statum possit. Liv. Hist.

It will be amusing to the classical reader to compare the character, history, and fate of Perseus, King of Macedonia, as described by Livy, with that of Bonaparte; he will find some curious points of resemblance: Perseus seems to have been a prototype of the disturber of the peace of Europe. He is guilty of the murder of his brother, deprecates the wrath of the Romans, yet draws on himself their vengeance by his ambition; is guilty of repeated acts of perfidy, is cooped up in an island, murders his best friend Evander to screen himself from the imputed murder of Eumenes, is taken prisoner and humbled in the dust. The circumstances of the ultimate capture of both are very similar:—

Tum sese Octavo tradidit.———In prætoriam navem

imponi jussus.———Extemploque classis Amphipolim repetit.———Non aliàs ad ullum spectaculum major multitudo occurrit.———Perseus caput belli erat. Liv. Hist.

NOTES

TO

THE ODES, &c.

NOTES

TO

THE ODES, &c.

P. 43. ODE ON THE VICTORY AND DEATH OF LORD NELSON.

P. 44. *Britons, be true, again he cried.*

Nelson's last signal,—" England expects every man to do his duty." LIFE OF NELSON, *by R. Southey*, p. 247.

P. 46. *Who bade Ægyptus' flood.*

Battle of the Nile.

P. 46. *And who the tower'd battle broke?*

Battle of Copenhagen.

P. 46. *Vain, Elsineur, thy marshal'd thunders roar.*

" Adjoining Elsineur, and at the edge of a peninsular promontory, stands Cronenburg Castle, at once a palace, a fortress, and state prison, with its spires and towers, and battlements and batteries.—The Danes had lined the shore with batteries, and as soon as the Monarch, which

was the leading ship, came abreast of them, a fire was opened from about a hundred pieces of cannon and mortars." *Ibid.* p. 107.

P. 46. *Fled is the base confederate foe.*

" The ships which were thus flying were four of the enemy's van, all French, under Rear Admiral Dumanoir.

Ibid. p. 268.

P. 46. ——*the Falcon s tow'ring height.*

" Dumanoir and his squadron were not more fortunate than the fleet from whose destruction they fled: they fell in with Sir Richard Strachan, who was cruising for the Rochefort squadron, and were all taken." *Ibid. p.* 269.

P. 49. INSCRIPTION FOR A MONUMENT TO LORD NELSON.

Extract from my Journal:—" At Tainuilt, the workmen of an English iron factory, established there, have erected, on an eminence, a pillar of rude granite, about seventeen feet high, to the memory of Lord Nelson. This monument appeared to me more appropriate, although not so elaborate, as many others which I had seen; in testimony of which opinion, and in gratitude of their assistance in repairing our carriage, which had broken down,

I left with the innkeeper, together with some more substantial remuneration, the following Inscription."

Having reached Tainuilt, I cannot resist carrying on my reader with me to Staffa. " At the time we reached Staffa, the tide was not sufficiently low to permit us to land at the usual place; so, by advice of our boatmen, we sailed round to catch a view of the cave from the water. Were I to hazard an opinion, the Cave of Fingal is not the leading feature in the Island of Staffa; the two rocks which skirt the cave on each side appear to me equally curious and more picturesque; these opened to us a perfect marine wonder, in their most beautiful point of view, a little before we gained a sight of the Cave. Two semicircular rocky promontories, seemingly supported on a close continued range of natural pillars, rising boldly and solitary in the multitudinous ocean, presented to me a reality of marine architecture surpassing any descriptions which I had ever met with in the fantastic shapings of poetry or romance; a wide, smooth, wave-worn platform at their base added much to the picture. On our return to the usual landing-place, we found it practicable, and walked over various arrangements of basaltic crystallization, till we arrived at the mouth of the Cave; the water was surging in with so much violence that we could do little more than look into and admire the vaulted per-

spective of basaltic pillars, regularly and symmetrically arranged to the very end: the waves which rushed in were of a beautiful light green, fringed with foam: looking seaward from the Cave we observed the ruins of the monastic buildings in Iona. This distant combination and far-divided conspectus of the convulsions of natural and the ruins of artificial scenery might afford much matter of reflection both to the moralist and the poet.—The following effusion, which I inserted in the Album at Ulva, is in some measure descriptive of some of the accompaniments of the scenery, and the impression made by them on my feelings:—

"Staffa, green-haired daughter of Ocean, what stranger e'er visited thee unmoved?—Had I the white wing of the sea bird, often would I gaze on thee, fair gem of the waters, or when thy pillar-lifted rock shines in brightness, or when the blue wave foams in thy cave of shells; when Benmore's head is hid in clouds, or glittering in the sunbeam; when the grey fowl is brooding on the billow, or careering in the tempest. Glad was the hour when I saw the Cave of car-born Fingal; the day-star shone high in his glory, and clothed in radiance the high-pillared palace of Ocean; the white spray beat against its foot; the white spray fringed a wave of loveliest green, green as the vest of the sea nymphs; a rainbow reached from

shore to shore; from Ulva's utmost shore, to Mulla's rocky strand, arching the azure wave. Again may I visit thee, thou lovely in Amphitrite's lap, green-haired daughter of Ocean!"

P. 50 .ODE TO SLEEP.

P. 52. *Fair dreams my infant landscape shall illume.*

It has often happened to me that in dreams my grounds and garden have been diversified in a thousand different fantastic and beautiful shapes, which have afforded me hints for actual improvement. We have a greater power over our dreams than is generally supposed, and I think it possible to acquire an habit of controlling them: they are in general influenced by our waking pursuits. They who give themselves up to the study and practice of landscape gardening will have very pleasing visions in their sleep, as Mrs. Hannah More has well described in her character of Lucilla, in Cælebs in Search of a Wife.

P. 54. ODE TO THE BELL-FLOWER.

Campanula rotundifolia, bell-flower, grows in heaths, barren pastures, frequent in Clifton Downs, and the mountains in Westmoreland and Scotland, flowers in August, September, and October.—WITHERING.—This

flower is, I believe, the poetical blue-bell and hare-bell, although the latter name more commonly belongs to the wild hyacinth.

P. 55. *Mid heath and thistle low.*

Carduus acaulis—dwarf thistle, whose purple flowers are scarcely an inch above the ground, frequent in Clifton Downs.

P. 58. ELEGY ON A YOUNG LADY, &c.

P. 59. *Late o'er the lawn, and through the bowering shade.*

I visited the family at Bath in my way to London, and saw her with her sisters threading one of the labyrinths of the public gardens; a few days after my arrival in London, I had the melancholy intelligence of her death.

P. 71. THE PASTIMES OF LOVE.

The design of this poem is taken from Plate VI. of Spence's Polymetis.

P. 75. LOVE'S LEARNING.

Amoris famulus omnem scientiam diffitetur, amandi tamen se scientissimum doctorem agnoscit.

TYRIUS MAXIMUS DE SOCRATE.

P. 79. LOVE IS BLIND.

This tale is paraphrased from Petrarch.

P. 84. HAUD IGNARA MALI, &c.

So on that blest Arabian strand.

Arabia Felix.

THE END.

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